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MOVING ON.

WHEN the South Lancashire poll was declared, Mr. GLADSTONE had, as a matter of course, to address his constituents, who had elected him in a great measure because he speaks so uncommonly well, and who had a good right, on such an occasion, to hear a specimen of his art. But Mr. GLADSTONE was very hoarse and very tired, and when he had thanked every one—his colleagues for being such delightful colleagues, the rejected candidates for being such admirable rejected candidates, and everything and everybody in South Lancashire for existing in so noble a manner—and when he had casually explained that, if any one said of him he was erratic, it was not true, and could not possibly have meant anything, he had no strength to do more than give a general indication of the policy he is inclined to adopt. To give a little point to this general indication, he borrowed an image from the familiar Peeler; and just as that functionary in a quiet way, without even a nod of his awful helmet, and speaking solemnly from the depths of his waistband, directs a bewildered but well-meaning crowd to move on, so Mr. GLADSTONE, in a most polite and pleasant manner, entreated the English public to keep moving on, and not to think that our present state of things, good as it may be, cannot be improved. A little later in the day, he used another simile equally harmless, and as little, it might have been thought, provocative of hostile criticism. He compared the England of our times to a house, and said that a wise and liberal householder might be willing to adorn, enlarge, and strengthen his tenement, although, in the main, he was quite satisfied with the general character of the building. But criticism disapproved very strongly of both these similes. It is quite wrong to compare the British Constitution to a moving crowd, and equally wrong to compare it to a house. The one really permissible thing to compare it to is a tree. The difference is that a tree, unlike a crowd or a house, is a growing, living vegetable, and so, as the *Times* declares, is the British Constitution. If we once get this into our heads we shall be all right. We shall only try to do to the British Constitution what we can do to a tree. We may prune it and give it air, and “fertilize” it, but that is all. Liquid manure is the true remedy for the British Constitution, if only any one did but know how to apply it. And the great advantage of having a tree-like Constitution is that, like other vegetables, it has laws of growth. We must attend most carefully to these laws of growth. It is consistent with the laws of vegetable growth to cut down the county tenant franchise to 20l. It is consistent with them to lop away all boroughs with a population under five thousand. But the laws of growth are perfectly inconsistent with fancy franchises. There is something so beautiful and scientific in all this that it is impossible not to feel more pride in the British Constitution than ever. But then it also becomes more important than ever to know who is to decide what these laws of growth are. We can fancy that Mr. BRIGHT would enjoy this vegetable theory amazingly. He would not mind giving the British Constitution any amount of liquid manure; and, if he saw the tree shooting strongly under a 10l. borough franchise, he would be happy to stimulate it and give it air until it ran up as quickly as possible into a 6l. or a 4l. franchise, which surely would be quite in harmony with the laws of growth, and would make our vegetable one of the tallest and finest in creation.

This great vegetable theory, however, was probably intended not so much to reveal the true secret of the Constitution as to throw a wholesome damper on Mr. GLADSTONE. Such similes as that of the policeman or the house might have no meaning or force from other lips. But when Mr. GLADSTONE says that we ought to move on, we recognise that he has a sort of official helmet on, and something like a truncheon in his

hand. It would have been inappropriate if Lord PALMERSTON had talked of moving on, for it cannot be his sphere to devise novelties and embark on new adventures. If Sir GEORGE GREY or Sir CHARLES WOOD had spoken as Mr. GLADSTONE spoke, their words would have sounded as mere Whig platitudes. But Mr. GLADSTONE can propose, advocate, and enforce schemes which timid Liberals must either accept or reject; which, if they accept, they must support effectually, or which, if they reject, they must bear the responsibility of rejecting. Nor is it only that Mr. GLADSTONE may do this. He must do it. He has no other course open to him than to take the lead in that movement of the crowd which he recommends. It is because he is not the usual safe Whig, with vague views of the enormous blessings and still more enormous evils of democracy, that he commands and arrests the attention of the English public. It is because he has the promise of the future in him that everything he says, every simile he uses, every indication of policy that he gives, has a value and an interest much beyond any expression of opinion uttered by any other leading statesman. His admirers may be very much disappointed when his time comes to perform, and not to promise; and he may himself scarcely know what he promises, or what he can hope to perform. But it is because he has a living fire in him, a capacity for action, a presentiment of what is to come and may be made to come, that his admirers admire him. It is because he really means, and is believed to mean in earnest, that moving on is necessary, that his election in South Lancashire and his rejection by Oxford have been regarded as matters of national importance. Other Liberals soon relapse out of Liberalism. While the elections were going on and the issue was still doubtful, the leaders of timid Whig opinion were zealous in their insistence on the necessity of gathering all the good white sheep among the artisans into the fold of the constituencies. As things looked better and more settled, this zeal dwindled away, and the most that could be wished for was stated to be a little change in the counties. Now that all is over, Mr. GLADSTONE is recommended to hold his tongue and do nothing and say nothing, for everything is perfect, and the laws of the growth of the great vegetable must be strictly observed. Mr. GLADSTONE will certainly not follow this advice, for the simple reason that he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by sinking into the position of a timid safe Whig. Nor can a man forsake his own nature, even if he would. Mr. GLADSTONE has none of the qualities which make a man a good sound Whig, nor has he the social position. A statesman ought to be at least an Earl if he pretends to be a wise, prudent, sagacious Liberal. Mr. GLADSTONE has made his own position, as he himself feels with some false shame, and much unnecessary and almost ignoble humility. But he has made himself a name, and secured himself a great career, because he is audacious, active, impulsive, in earnest; because he can sympathize with men of various classes, occupations, interests, and opinions; and because it is not in him to rest satisfied with having done much while there still remains much for him to do.

It is assumed far too easily and hastily that moving on means nothing else than the passing of a new Reform Bill. Mr. BRIGHT has said so often and so loudly, that without a Reform Bill no good can be done, and that a policy of masterly inaction is the only policy to be followed in an unreformed Parliament, that the world has come to accept this as an axiomatic truth. And it is possibly true that we are nearer a Reform Bill than we were. So great a willingness to accept a Reform Bill of some sort has been expressed by candidates of all shades of politics that the country has been led to expect that this may probably be one of the labours assigned to the new Parliament. The elections, too, have supplied much valuable experience

on which a Reform Bill can be based. Long, serious, and calm discussion of the subject will still be necessary before it is made clear what shape a good Reform Bill will take; but the history of the last three weeks will have done something to make the discussion easier. The good side of the late elections is the side of the large constituencies, and the bad side is the side of the small constituencies. The large towns have shown a remarkable anxiety to be decently represented. They have been willing to give a chance to new men, and to ability out of the usual groove. They have resisted, in a large degree, the dictation of cliques, of sects, and of hobby-worshippers. The county elections have been well fought, because the voters have taken a sincere and honest interest in politics, because they have a growing desire that a certain policy should or should not be adopted, and because they have acquired enough spirit and self-respect to resent such bullying interference as that which has cost the Liberals two seats in Norfolk. On the other hand, the history of the elections in many small boroughs has been most disgraceful, and has shown how great a curse to the borough, and to the electors, and to society generally, it is to entrust the return of members to the votes of a small knot of greedy, needy, ignorant shopkeepers. The lesson thus taught will be a very useful one, when the time comes to think seriously of a new Reform Bill. But there are many other things to move on to than a Reform Bill, and no one more than Mr. GLADSTONE has shown this. He has indicated many of these things, and, according as he finds support, he may be trusted to give a practical shape hereafter to what he can as yet scarcely do more than hint at. If he tries to unuzzle the Roman Catholics, to "enlarge the borders," as he calls it, of Oxford, and to fight his old enemies, the vested interests of Charitable Trusts, he has work enough before him, even though for a moment he forgets all about the vegetable theory of the Constitution, and liquid manure, and the laws of growth.

#### THE LATE ELECTIONS.

IT is highly satisfactory to find that the general election has ended without any premature anticipation of the future policy of the new Parliament. Extreme pledges have been far rarer than on former occasions; and when they have been swallowed, the greedy servility of candidates has been more conspicuous than the exigency of electors. Even the metropolitan constituencies may be partially excused for demanding conventional promises, as they never require their members to keep their engagements. It is probable that Mr. MILL, Mr. HUGHES, and Mr. TORRENS will cause more surprise than satisfaction if they distinguish themselves from their colleagues by advocating the measures which they have been returned to promote. Whatever may be the special theories of individual members, it is their recognised duty to support the policy which may from time to time be adopted by their official chiefs. In every London borough the majority of the voters belongs to the great Liberal party, and modern experience has uniformly contradicted the popular fallacy that parties are moved like reptiles, by their tails. When Mr. DISRAELI desires to prove that Church and State are in danger, he is obliged to expatiate on the undisputed ability and the more questionable influence of Mr. BRIGHT; yet for many years legislation and policy have been directed by Lord PALMERSTON, who is Mr. BRIGHT's irreconcilable antagonist. There has been no election for thirty years in which so little was said about the Ballot, yet intimidation and undue interference are more than ever unpopular. One of the most satisfactory events of the election was the defeat of Colonel COKE for West Norfolk, in consequence of a circular in which his brother, Lord LEICESTER, claimed to dispose of the votes of his tenants. The farmers of the county showed their sense of the indignity by returning one of their own body as a Conservative colleague of the former member. In Cambridgeshire, a Whig landowner, who had practically condescended with the Conservative candidates, was forced to make way for a more thoroughgoing Liberal belonging to that commercial class which is only favoured by agricultural constituencies under special circumstances. A compromise in Wiltshire, by which the representation was divided, has been ratified at the poll; and in Hertfordshire the Whigs have succeeded in completing the arrangement with their opponents which was last year baffled by the victory of Mr. SURTEES over Mr. COWPER. The districts which return three members give the local minority its best chance of a share in the representation; and it is in consequence of an injudicious attempt to monopolize the county that the

Liberals have for the present lost Berkshire. The most creditable instance of a mixed election, decided with reference to personal fitness, was furnished by South Lancashire. The electors have been permanently alienated from the Liberal party by the insolent pretensions of the Manchester Leaguers, but they justly thought that Mr. GLADSTONE was pre-eminently qualified to represent a great constituency, and they made it their business to correct the error of Oxford.

It is difficult to enter into the feelings of those daily commentators on the elections who have felt, or rather expressed, an overwhelming interest in the triumphs of either party. As soon as it became certain that the Government would have a working majority, prudent observers were more solicitous that the best candidates should be preferred than that the Opposition should be superfluously weakened. In England and Wales, the numbers of the contending parties are almost equally balanced; but Ireland gives the Government a clear majority, and Scotland is even more determined than usual in its Liberalism. Since the Reform Bill, no Scotch borough has returned a Conservative member. The town constituencies in the North have no revolutionary tendencies, but they have an old wrong to revenge, and they consider that the Tories have not yet been sufficiently punished for their former obstinacy in maintaining an absurd and insulting fiction of representation in Scotland. Even in the counties the predominance of the landed gentry has been shaken, and, though Lord ELCHO retains his seat for Haddingtonshire, he has had to maintain a severe contest. His speech at the declaration of the poll can scarcely be said to have displayed much tact or dignity. He unwisely denounced the conduct of tenant farmers in opposing their landlords, and he persisted in using familiar banter to an unfriendly and excited assemblage. The essence of an appropriate joke consists in the sympathy of the audience, and it is in the highest degree discourteous to trifle with irritated opponents. It is not perhaps always possible to respect an election mob, but an orator, and especially a successful candidate, ought to respect himself. When Lord ELCHO concluded his address by throwing a handful of cigars for a scramble among the crowd, he was fortunate in being pelted in return only with his own harmless missiles. If he had not understood his equals better than he does his constituents and their neighbours, he would not have been known as a social favourite and a popular and enlightened member of Parliament.

The mob riots which have disgraced several boroughs and county towns furnish too plausible an excuse for the ridicule and censure of foreign critics. The violence of the rabble has seldom affected the course of an election, and it has generally been the sole object of the ringleaders to prevent the candidates from speaking, or to annoy respectable voters. The rioters are below the level of political prejudices, though they are sometimes instigated and encouraged by local agitators. It must be acknowledged that the process of manufacturing a Parliament is not so satisfactory as the result. The House of Commons consists principally of persons of political or local influence, who may be supposed to represent the deliberate choice of their constituents. The noise, the calumny, the foolish vituperation of the hustings produce little perceptible effect; but only an optimist can be perfectly contented with periodical displays of the vilest human passions. There are no such scandals in America or France, and it is highly probable that, as zealous Reformers allege, the evil would be remedied in England by the adoption of universal suffrage and vote by ballot. It would be necessary, however, at the same time, to prohibit public nominations, and either to silence candidates as in France, or to persuade them to confine their addresses, according to the American fashion, to their own partisans. Either the educated classes or the multitude must be excluded from political power. The non-electors, if they form the numerical majority, are sometimes turbulent; and if they belong to the less demonstrative section of the community, they simply abstain, as in Maryland and New York, from all attempt to participate in public life. The consequences of the opposite systems supply the only test of their comparative disadvantages. While the House of Commons is by common consent the supreme political authority in England, the sittings of Congress scarcely attract attention in the United States, and the Legislative Body of France is not even consulted either on the selection of public functionaries or on great questions of policy. On the whole, the substance of liberty must be accepted as an equivalent for its less desirable accidents. In time, perhaps, public meetings may learn, even during an election, to listen, instead of groaning and bawling.

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on the part of defeated candidates, that bribery has been little practised. The expenses of a contest consist chiefly in the payment of agents, in the rent of Committee-rooms, and in the anomalous practice of conveying voters to the poll. Residuary groups of freemen may perhaps still expect head-money, but direct corruption is dangerous as well as immoral, and only a few boroughs are suspected of continuing the irregular practices of former times. If the members of the new Parliament had been appointed by a committee of dispassionate political philosophers, the selection would perhaps not have been better than the seemingly gratuitous concourse of popular nominees. All the leaders of parties have resumed their places in the House, and the great majority of the entire assembly is professedly and essentially moderate. Mr. BRIGHT's followers are respectable in ability, but their scanty numbers are not increased, nor will extreme opinions during the present Parliament be profitable to ambitious statesmen. Mr. GLADSTONE has easily found an important constituency to return him, but the presence of his colleagues will remind him that South Lancashire has no desire for sudden or violent changes. Many members of the party which is described by Mr. DISRAELI as hostile to Church and State are heavily ballasted by money, or land, or family connection. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE is represented by four county members of his nearest kindred, and several noblemen of the same political opinions have one or two sons or brothers in the House. Titled families have, in fact, more than their fair share of the representation; but when the West Riding and South Yorkshire deliberately prefer the sons of peers, it is absurd to complain of undue influence. Mr. MILL properly congratulates his constituents on their independent and discriminating appreciation of personal merit, but the same voters have returned an unknown young gentleman to Parliament, by a somewhat larger majority, solely because he was related to the Marquis of WESTMINSTER.

#### THE PRUSSIAN BANQUETS.

THERE is nothing more curious in political history than the ease and rapidity with which nations forget that they were not always so far advanced and so well off as they are now. If they have gone down the hill, they remember their better and happier days perfectly well, and invest the past with a halo of glory. The majority of Poles sincerely believe that there was once a great, famous, well-organized Polish Kingdom, which fell to pieces solely through the intrigues of its neighbours. But no nation condescends to remember that it once was what it would now consider very unenlightened. The popular English view is that England has always been free, that Protestantism has always tolerated free discussion, that trial by jury has always ensured justice and security. Even the most recent triumphs of good sense and good feeling are treated as if they had been established from all time; and nations which have not yet abandoned Protection, which fetter the press, or try to coerce their colonies, are laughed at and preached at as if in the abyss of the lowest folly. At present, we still attempt to keep Catholics quiet by muzzling them. Next year, we will hope, a Catholic Oaths Bill will pass, and then we may be sure that in a year or two afterwards we shall find all the popular literature of the day deriding all countries where a political oath is exacted from religious dissidents as the seats of the queerest old-fashioned bigotry. At the present moment, it is the lot of the Prussian Liberals to be laughed at. They are not precisely in the position of English Liberals, and are therefore necessarily grotesque and comic in the highest degree. They have tried to hold political banquets, and have been stopped by the police. Instead of resisting the police, and getting properly sabred or bayoneted, they have yielded to force, and have dispersed. This strikes the jocose English popular writer as incredibly absurd. Englishmen, it is assumed, would have bled as freely as they would have dined. Englishmen would never have had any dread of soldiers and guns. Englishmen never had any silly feelings of loyalty to blundering, domineering, arrogant Kings. There is no reason why this view of things should not be promulgated as widely as possible in penny papers and elsewhere, for it amuses the writers, and does not hurt the Prussians. But the Prussians, like all Germans, are fond of reading history, and especially English history, and it is possible they may know better even than their English critics the history of Great Britain in the reign of GEORGE IV. There were no enthusiastic penny papers then, and when that noble-hearted Sovereign went to Dublin or Edinburgh he was cheered, and fêted, and blessed as if he had been the wisest and best of men. The English Liberals had a hard time of it then, and

the Scotch a much harder. It was only after many years of gradual advance that the Scotch Whigs ventured on dining together, and even then they were exposed to the most rancorous censure as troublesome, silly, disaffected creatures, going against the good KING and the blessed Constitution. But the Scotch were paltry worms, and would not turn. They were as quiet as mice, or as Prussians. They simply worked on, explained and insisted on explaining their opinions, took every legal means of meeting and encouraging each other, and at last they had their reward. Putting aside their unhappy religious frenzies, the Scotch are the best and surest of the Liberal constituencies, and they contribute a very influential element to a Parliament mainly occupied with carrying out the views which forty years ago were contemptuously put down by the authorities. Prussia is as forward in constitutional liberty now as Scotland was forty years ago, and has quite as good a chance before it.

There is nothing in what the Prussian Liberals have done, or in what they have patiently endured, of which men of sense and spirit need be ashamed. They have attempted to dine together in celebration of the contest which has been going on with the Ministry for so many months at Berlin. The people of Cologne are among the most ardent of the supporters of the Constitutional Opposition, and a banquet at Cologne was meant to have, and would have had, a political significance. It was a challenge on a small and safe scale to the Ministry, and the Ministry accepted it. The police were ordered to prevent the meeting taking place, and one of the party then invited the rest as to a private entertainment. But here again the police interfered, and then the next day the whole body moved out of the territory of the Prussian police into the adjoining region of Nassau, and spent a long day in drinking toasts and in mutual encouragement. When all was over, and the guests were about to return, the tiny soldiery of the Duke of NASSAU was ordered to act promptly, and avert from the DUKE the wrath of the great BISMARCK, which might have visited any minor Sovereign suspected of giving a friendly shelter to the enemies of the King of PRUSSIA. This is the triumph which M. VON BISMARCK has achieved. He has succeeded in twice keeping his adversaries from their dinner, and in cutting short their festivities on a third occasion. He has spoilt this manifestation of the Liberalism of Cologne. But he has not done much more. He has let all the world know how thoroughly the people of the Western provinces of Prussia are against him. These dinnerless deputies were popular heroes, and were cheered, and serenaded, and, very probably, kissed wherever they went. They have got a new grievance, and it is a grievance which the chief dwellers in the Rhine country share with them. The police were, it is true, instantly obeyed, and Germans do not dislike the police for interfering, or much resent the interference. But the Minister who has set the police in motion has made a new set of adversaries, and has fanned the flame of hatred to him, which burnt freely enough before. He may not care much for that. It is not in his nature to be afraid, and he has all the contempt of the German Junker for Liberals who are not in Court society. But the real question for him and for Prussia is whether his policy can possibly last; and the Liberals need not fear an answer adverse to their wishes simply because he has succeeded in spoiling their dinner. They have two real difficulties to encounter, and only two—the one being that the wish for liberty in Prussia is the wish of educated Prussians, rather than of the Prussian people; and the other is that Prussians still regard their Sovereign with that sort of romantic unreasonable loyalty which England felt, or affected to feel, towards GEORGE IV. Gradually both difficulties are disappearing. The sentiment that the Prussian Liberals are right, and that the future of the country is bound up with their success, goes by degrees lower and lower in society, and is spread more and more widely. And at the same time it becomes more natural and less awful to the Prussian mind to oppose the KING's wishes, and to force him gently into taking a better course than he is inclined to take.

The KING, however, is evidently anxious not to go too far out of constitutional paths. He will do things slightly illegal, but that is all. He merely wants to have his own way, and would be quite content to have it without injuring any one. Even M. VON BISMARCK is principally occupied with pursuing aims which are naturally dear to Prussians. He wants to make Prussia greater—to give her a navy, and to take such advantage of the troubles of Austria as will place Prussia indisputably at the head of Germany. In order to attain these objects he persuades the KING to begin by ruling with a firm hand at home. The KING has by his mere decree

ordered that the Budget proposed by the Ministry and sanctioned by the Upper House shall be law, although the Lower House rejected it. This is in the highest degree unconstitutional, and the Prussian Liberals are quite right in doing all they can to show that it is unconstitutional. But the question is only a question of legal right. The taxation imposed under this illegal Budget presses hardly on no one, and no one can urge any serious objections against the mode in which it is intended to apply the national income. It is illegal to put down a simple dinner of private citizens; but every one knows that such meetings as the Cologne banquet are meant to give strength to the party which gets them up; and in a police-ridden country like Prussia it is not very wonderful that the police should be ordered to put down a meeting expressly intended to celebrate a determined opposition to the Ministry. There is a certain amount of illegality which nations will generally stand before the supremacy of a free government is quite established. The STUARTS went on for long periods without any Parliament, and with no loud murmuring or deep discontent in the nation. Even if the Prussian Parliament were not allowed to sit next year, there would probably be no violent outbreak. Things might remain quiet provided the country was prosperous and foreign affairs went on smoothly. But this is the great difficulty which besets Governments like that of M. VON BISMARCK. Foreign affairs will not always go on smoothly. Just at this moment M. VON BISMARCK's foreign affairs are going on by no means smoothly. He has tried to make Austria his submissive dependent, and for some time he seemed likely to succeed. Austria did bear with admirable meekness a long course of bullying and arrogance from Prussia. But Austria has awakened to the conviction that she cannot last at all as a tame humble Power, and that she must assert her place in Europe if she is to exist at all. She has also taken into account the internal difficulties of Prussia, and reckoned that, so long as there is a quarrel between the KING and his Parliament, the action of Prussia will necessarily be crippled. And this calculation is quite right. A quarrel between the Sovereign and his people takes away from the Sovereign all real power of going to war. It is one thing to stand an ordinary peace budget imposed by Royal decree, and another thing to stand a burdensome war budget. Even if the present dispute with Austria is settled in some satisfactory way, Germany generally is in such a position now that every year some question must arise between the greater and the lesser Powers, and every year it will become more apparent that Prussia cannot take the lead in Germany unless she has a free Government at home. Mere despotism and the power of the sword are out of the question. Prussia cannot eat up the little States by sheer force. To make them a part of herself she must attract them, and the only power of attraction she can exercise is that of a nation that is not only strong, but free. The Prussian Liberals can afford to wait. Their day must come, and they would only delay its coming if they entered now on a rash and violent resistance to their poor old KING.

#### THE RAILWAY INTEREST.

VERY careful calculations have fixed the precise relative strength of the two great political parties in the new House of Commons, but there are some cross lines of division, certainly not less important in their way, which no one has been at the pains of surveying and jotting down on the Parliamentary chart. Now that the heat of election time is over, it begins to be very generally felt that a good member of either party may be welcomed to the House without much fear of his acting in a spirit of opposition to the public welfare. There are differences of opinion on a score of minor points, but political divisions have long since ceased to be class-divisions, and the most rabid Liberals (with the exception, possibly, of Mr. BRIGHT) scarcely affect to consider that Parliament is divided into two sections, of which one looks only to the general good, while the other represents a class whose interests are in a great degree antagonistic to those of the public. The modern conviction that all sound commercial transactions must be beneficial alike to both sides has superseded the theory that what the seller gained the buyer lost; but it is not the less true that, in settling the terms of the bargains between them, there remains a necessary antagonism between buyers and sellers, employers and workmen, and especially between the owners of a monopoly and the public whom they serve. While the proprietors of land were, by force of the old protective Corn-laws, virtually monopolists of food, there did exist between the Protectionist party and the public at large precisely that kind of antagonism

which is most mischievous when it influences the deliberations of Parliament. All this has been swept away, but gradually, and not very slowly, another monopoly has been taking the place of that which once bound together the so-called Country party. Locomotion is almost as much a prime necessity as corn, and locomotion is a monopoly much closer than any food-monopoly which ever existed in this country. It is no fault of railway directors that this is so. Without giving the control of traffic into the hands of private companies the railway system would never have been developed with the rapidity which has marked its progress to the present time; but, however unavoidable the monopoly may be, it becomes a serious matter when this enormous and rapidly growing interest assumes the form of a compact and almost irresistible section of the House of Commons. A party of the most virtuous monopolists in the world is an unmixed evil when it begins to control the action of Parliament, the sole body by which the interests of the public can be protected when they happen to conflict with those of the railway interest.

If the late returns were closely scrutinized, it would, we believe, be found that the railway companies are more largely represented than they have ever been before, and no one can doubt that, as railway power and railway wealth increase, the same energetic section of society will continue to grow until it becomes an absolutely overwhelming element in the constitution of the Legislature. If the real strength of the party were tested by a resolution of the old-fashioned stamp, "that the power of the railway companies has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," we doubt whether the combined efforts of the Whig and Tory whips would suffice to counterbalance the weight of railway influence in the House. Even before the accession of strength which has been recently gained, it was well known that a railway summons would often make a fuller House than Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI could collect for anything short of a life-and-death struggle. The famous duel between the Great Northern and Great Eastern Companies will not soon be forgotten by those who wish to see the votes of Parliament free from the irresistible influence of personal interest. The drama has now been completed by an arrangement, and the whole story is too instructive to be allowed to pass into oblivion. The Great Eastern applied to Parliament for powers to construct a line to connect them with the Northern coalfields, and were willing to submit to conditions, as to rates, which would have reduced the price of coal in London 3s. or 4s. per ton. The public interest was obviously to sanction a competition which promised this satisfactory result. The interest of the Great Northern was to retain the monopoly they possessed, and in a former Session a Committee had come to the strange conclusion that it would not be fair to allow any interference with the tariff which the Great Northern had established. This year the Bill was reintroduced, and a full House met to determine, on the second reading, whether the question should go to a Committee or not. The two companies whipped up their supporters, and it was not disguised that almost all the speakers, and a great majority of the members who voted, were personally interested in the question. The Great Northern proved that their Parliamentary strength exceeded that of their opponents, and the Bill was thrown out without any fresh inquiry as to the merits. The aggregate votes were sufficient to show that the interest of two companies could almost command an absolute majority of the House; but the contest was close enough to threaten a renewal of the attempt, and accordingly a compromise has been arranged by which the Great Northern admit the Great Eastern to share in their monopoly to an extent which, according to a well-informed railway journal, will bring them in more than 6,000l. a week of extra receipts. We need scarcely add that the bargain, which is pronounced to be of great advantage to both companies, is of none whatever to the public, and that the price of coals will remain 15 or 20 per cent. above its natural level. This is a specimen of the green wood. What shall we see if the railway interest continues to add to its Parliamentary strength as it has done ever since the memorable 1845? The truth is, there is nothing special in this illustration. The whole history of railway struggles consists of a series of contests in which an invading company invokes the principle of competition in the interests of the public, and then is bought off or amalgamated upon terms which reconcile the claims of the rival companies, and leave the people who use railways no better off than before. The last Session has added its quota to the number of amalgamations and quasi-amalgamations. Besides the case we have quoted of the Great Eastern arrangement,

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competition has given way in Scotland by the absorption of the Edinburgh and Glasgow line into the North British system, and by corresponding arrangements on the Western route. The same thing goes on, and will go on, year after year. Even now, almost the whole locomotion of the country is in the hands of little more than a dozen huge associations, with a practically unlimited power of taxation. Old lines are being absorbed faster than competing lines are brought into existence; and the steady tendency is towards an ultimate union of all, or nearly all, the companies into one body possessing an aggregate of power and wealth against which the travelling public will find it hopeless to struggle. It is true that competition so far survives in principle as to inflict great losses on the holders of railway shares, but it is powerless to protect the public. One company often compels another to barter a portion of its monopoly, at a price, in payment and in expenses, which makes the boon of little value to the new company; but a competition which only ends in admitting new partners into a monopoly is powerless to insure safety, comfort, or economy to the people at large.

While the railway interest, which already commands some 400,000,000*l.* of capital, is thus daily concentrating its material strength, it must be a matter of serious concern to every statesman to see how it is gradually advancing towards a command of the House of Commons also. The common answer to alarmists who dread the approaching tyranny of the railway power is that there are no conflicting interests between the companies and the public, that amalgamations reduce both the risk and the cost of traffic, and that in the end the public must reap the benefit. The answer, unfortunately, is not true so far as the public are concerned. The reduction of the cost of traffic and management has no tendency whatever to a reduction of fares. Whether it is making large dividends or small dividends, every railway company will fix its tariff so as to secure the maximum of profit for itself consistent with the minimum of trouble. The diversities of charges on different lines prove conclusively that the companies, so far from giving the greatest possible accommodation which will enable them to earn a given dividend, naturally seek to earn their money with the smallest effort. To carry few passengers at a high rate is easier than to earn the same profits by carrying many passengers at a low rate; and it is notorious that the average fares might be reduced at least a third, without in the end causing any loss whatever to the companies. At this moment a Commission is sitting to investigate the whole subject of the cost of railway management and the charges made for railway accommodation. If any sufficient power should exist to introduce the reforms which such an inquiry cannot fail to indicate, we have no doubt that shareholders and travellers will equally benefit. But, just as it was in the case of the Post-Office, so it probably will be in the case of railways. Those who are concerned in the management will be as incredulous on the subject of low fares and increased traffic as the Post-Office officials were about the reduction of postage from an average of more than sixpence down to a penny a letter. When the Post-Office was on trial, it had no steady phalanx of supporters in the Legislature; but when the corresponding struggle comes, as come it must, with the railway interest, there will be nearly half the House of Commons to be outvoted or conciliated. Everybody will be well protected except the general public, which will find, when too late, that it has committed its interests to the representatives of a monopoly compared with which the old monopoly of the squires was harmless and insignificant.

#### MURDER WILL OUT.

THE famous Road mystery is no longer a mystery. What has been concealed for five years has been brought to light, not by any extraordinary effort of official and detective skill, not by any process of *à priori* reasoning such as clever fictionists wish to assure us is the unerring solvent of concealed crime, but by very ordinary and commonplace means. No doubt it is far from creditable to our legal system that the crime was not detected at once. It is precisely one of those cases in which the French practice would at once have unravelled the whole secret; but in our over-anxious care not to go one step further than we can see our way with absolute certainty, we often drop the thread of inquiry at the very moment when it would be sure to lead us to truth. The fact is, we are not half so desirous to detect a murder as to be quite certain that we have not got hold of the wrong man. In this particular case, there

were reasons, some plain and some still very obscure, for the masterly inactivity which everybody concerned in the investigation five years ago displayed. It is scarcely possible to doubt that the unhappy Mr. KENT must have been morally certain of the criminal at the time. It was proved almost to a demonstration that the murder was committed by an inmate of the household, and the only choice was between the father and the daughter. The father being to his own knowledge innocent, he must have been convinced that the daughter was guilty. But nothing was to be gained to the miserable parent by the public proof that his daughter was a murderess; and it is not surprising that he did not press forward an inquiry which would have led to so terrible a conclusion. We can quite understand also how the police, when they had once permitted themselves not to see what they could not help seeing, would hunt upon a scent which they had taken care to cool. But what we cannot understand, and what we hope awaits a more serious inquiry, is the apathy which was displayed in higher quarters. Here, in 1865, we have for the first time made public a most remarkable and able letter from Mr. Inspector WHICHER, dated 23rd November, 1860, and addressed to the Chief Superintendent of the Bristol police. Mr. WHICHER proves to demonstration that the murder had been committed by CONSTANCE KENT. He points out every link in the evidence; he calls attention to the culpable suppression of certain facts. He is, as we now know, perfectly right in the motives he assigned, and is completely confirmed in his exoneration of Mr. KENT. What we are curious about is why this letter was never acted upon?—whether the Bristol superintendent kept it as a literary curiosity in his official portfolio?—whether it was ever communicated to the authorities in Scotland Yard or at the Home Office? If not, why not? Or, if it was, why was the clue indicated with such masterly precision not followed up? It is of course impossible to suppose that the authorities especially entrusted with the duty of investigating undiscovered crime were influenced by the public opinion of the hour, and that they shared in the ignorant prejudice against the father, and the still more ignorant and unprincipled prejudices in favour of the daughter. Was public justice, and were its guardians, like the popular opinion of 1860, too polite and gallant to accuse a girl, "so young and so fair," of murder? We suppose that this is the true account of the scandalous apathy and carelessness with which the Road mystery was, or rather was not, investigated; and we suppose this the more because there are even now guides of public opinion (price one penny) which still pretend to have their little doubts and hesitations about the guilt of CONSTANCE KENT.

Indeed, we must say that the penny papers have just reason to complain. They have been altogether cheated out of a legitimate spoil. Doubtless, if the Judge had declined to receive that unaccountable plea of guilty, those who had a word in season to say for MÜLLER would have had a good many words to say out of season for CONSTANCE KENT. What right had she to confess her guilt? If she was not innocent, she ought to have been, or at any rate she ought to have said she was innocent. To confess to a murder is a social enormity much worse than to lie, and is almost as bad as murder itself. It was settled long ago, by the acute public mind of the daily travellers by the Peckham omnibus and the Greenwich steamboat, that Mr. KENT was only an adulterer and an infanticide; and it was very hard to be told after all that CONSTANCE, the amiable young maiden of bashful fifteen, was a fratricide. Besides, there were all those stunning leading articles, written or ready to be written, on the Confessional Unmasked, and the wickedness of Mr. WAGNER; and all these had to be thrown away. We must say that it was a case of cruelty to penny-a-liners which goes far to account for their simulated incredulity. However, they have a crumb of comfort left. CONSTANCE KENT has confessed, it is true; but there is a theory left which will still leave her in possession of a spotless innocence, and will cover her oppressors with infamy. Hers is only a "frantic demand for death"—unnatural, impossible, false. She has been worked upon; her residence has been among the accredited professors of all wickedness, in a religious house, where "confession is made an art" and in this case a practice. The whole thing is a mere sham and imposition. "The sad woman drags at the sword "of justice with her own wild hands"—and perhaps Mr. COLERIDGE's—and "implores us to believe that she is a murderess, and challenges us to punish her for one." Impossible to suppose that the "conscience seared at fifteen breaks out at "twenty into a fit, of earnest horror and self-detestation." It is some consolation for the eloquent gentleman who has

missed the chance of a rattling article about Mr. WAGNER to get hold of a theory which enables him to write in this splendid style. And then, having settled the fact that the lovely girl never murdered her little brother, we have to account for the fact that she says she did. It is a trifling difficulty, perhaps; indeed it may be said to "involve the "most entangled psychological problem"—whatever that curious description of article may be; but, on the whole, it is safe to assume that religious impressions, having got hold of a susceptible temperament, have at last persuaded her into the belief that she really committed the crime over the memory of which she has been constantly brooding. This is what the *Daily Telegraph* says. And we are asked to believe that the very plain matter-of-fact assertion that she, and she alone, murdered her brother—a confession most amply confirmed by every part of the case—is a mere air-drawn delusion produced by a five years' seclusion, and (so it is not very indirectly suggested) by the promptings of Mr. WAGNER and Miss GRAEM. GOLD-SMITH tells us of a dog the state of whose mind also involved a most entangled psychological problem, who,

. . . to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

We cannot say that we remember a closer parallel to the "ghastly scheme of self-immolation" which, out of the sublime depths of his own consciousness, this very fine writer has evolved, as he would say, and which he asks us to accept as the CONSTANCE KENT of fact. In a word, it was partly to set her family free—just as another engaging criminal, Mr. ROUFELL, has been said to have invented the case of his own forgeries out of pure love for his relations, and also to afford a fine study for able writers—that Miss KENT invented the story of her guilt. The upshot of the whole seems to be that a very bad criminal, a murderer or a forger, is an impossibility; such characters cannot exist even if you have their own word for it. This *rationale* of CONSTANCE KENT's case only wants one more step. As she did not murder her brother, it is a mere fiction of the imagination that the little boy was murdered at all. We have got to believe the thing because we have dwelt upon the idea; but it was all along an entangled psychological problem.

This is one account of the matter; and it is so very clever and ingenious that it is a pity that it should have a competitor. But it has. Another famous hand has tried his cunning on the Road mystery, and his solution, which of course involves an acquittal of the young lady, is this. CONSTANCE KENT certainly did smother and stab the little child; all the details of the flannel and the bed-clothes turned down, and what are called by the public instructors "the blood-stained tokens of the deed," are strictly true to fact. But the young lady was a very accomplished somnambulist; she was also a medium of more than average quality, and a proficient in the cataleptic sleep. It was under these influences that she committed the murder without the consent of her will, and in a perfect state of moral unconsciousness. In fact she was a double personality—a CONSTANCE all purity and goodness when acataleptic, a very bloody murderess when cataleptic. In the highly rarefied condition of super-sensual catalepsy she did the accursed deed, and concealed every evidence of it. When she woke up, she knew no more what she had done—if in any real sense she may be said to have done it, that is, if there was any *it* in the case—than any of the young ladies at a Clapham seminary. Of course, under these circumstances, to talk of responsibility is not so much cruel as absurd. This is the latest invention of scientific writers to get over a murder; and we must say that it beats the homicidal-mania dodge hollow. At present it seems as if it could only apply to cases of nocturnal murder; and it has just a little look of being invented for the purpose. But still it is a very fine philosophical theory; and to complete its usefulness in criminal cases it has only to take another and a very little step. The cataleptic sleep, we dare say, may be made to occur in broad daylight as well as at midnight; and men may murder, rob, and ravish with their eyes wide open; for in these scientific days there will always be experts who can at any moment suggest catalepsy and supra-sensual bifurcated consciousness. The word "psychology" ought to have very broad shoulders, considering what is laid upon the much-suffering vocable in these days.

It is to come down with a terrible run from these lofty speculations when we enter the low lands of fact. CONSTANCE KENT, being of a mean, spiteful, cruel disposition, gave way to these passions, and, being jealous of her brother, murdered him to spite her father and her step-mother. This is her own account of the matter; and a very promiscuous one it is. Oh, utterly incredible and monstrous! the world never heard of

such a thing—that a sister should murder a brother from such a motive. Well, with all respect to Dr. COLENSO, whatever we may think of some of the historical facts of the Pentateuch, the Book of Genesis does exhibit a very considerable knowledge of human nature; and it does so happen that the two oldest murders of which we possess any details are cases of fratricide, and both proceeded from jealousy. CAIN murdered ABEL because he was jealous of him; and the sons of JACOB murdered JOSEPH—for they did murder him in purpose and intent—because they were jealous of him, and because they thought their father made a favourite of him. Here is the beginning and end of the Road mystery. The perpetrator of the Road murder was a cold, malicious, vindictive girl, and gave way to her passion. She concealed her guilt for five years, much as she hid the evidence of it on the night of the murder. At last she broke down under better influences; and society has reason to be grateful to Mr. WAGNER and Miss GRAEM that this atrocious criminal was brought within the range of such influences. All of the wrong that could be righted has been righted; and the public opinion of the Peckham omnibus would be much better employed in making, if possible, some atonement for its more than suspicions against Mr. KENT, than in braying out unmeaning nonsense about the confessional. As to CONSTANCE KENT, the less said and the less thought about her the better. The character is utterly vile and abominable; and the pseudo-scientific trash with which we are favoured about her in the shape of psychological analysis is mere mischievous nonsense. It was, of course, impossible to think about hanging her now, and her life is very properly spared; but there is nothing at all wonderful about her or her crime, or her five years' silence, or her confession, except that she was very cruel, very close, and very callous. And much as she was she probably is. Her confession does not exalt her; and we decline to accept her either as a model penitent or, as has been attempted, as a heroine. She is simply a very wicked young woman; and she has before her a life worse than death. May her guilty memory be shut up with her!

#### LITERATURE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IN the next House of Commons the Muses, at any rate, will be adequately represented. Medicine mourns the overthrow of that exemplary Protestant Sir CHARLES COCKOC; but, as far as we can judge, the Sister Nine have every reason to rejoice. No famous man of letters has lost the suffrages of his constituents, and Westminster has actually harnessed one of the greatest thinkers and writers of the day to her electoral car. At one moment last week it seemed, indeed, as if Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON was about to be the victim of that fickle "people" which for many centuries Genius has been in the habit of abusing; but the electors of Hertfordshire came up gallantly to the poll, and the True, the Good, and the Beautiful was saved. Mr. DISRAELI's star has never been for an hour overcast. URANIA watches over the only politician who has the least claim to understand and to explain the planets. His great rival, Mr. GLADSTONE, so long the favourite of Parnassus, is compelled to descend dejectedly from his prominent position on the sacred hill; but South Lancashire, with much good feeling, has come to the rescue of the champion of HELEN and the commentator of HOMER. So long as the happy borough of Richmond continues to flourish in the shade of great houses, POLYHYMNIA, in the person of Sir ROUNDSELL PALMER, will be probably permitted to sing the songs of Zion from a secure seat upon the Treasury benches. Perhaps no laurels have been more honourably won, or will be more modestly worn, than those of Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, at once the patron and the *protégé* of the working-men of Lambeth. The author of *Tom Brown*, if he does nothing more, will obtain in Parliament that personal reputation for candour and manliness which the muscular and Godfearing hero of the novel achieves both at school and on the Oxford river. Cambridge gains in the author of the *Life of Cicero* what Cambridge has lost in Mr. KENNETH MACAULAY—a scholar and a gentleman. With the exception of Mr. MILL, no new member enters the House of Commons who has earned so high a literary reputation as Mr. FORSTY, or who is so certain of doing credit to his antecedents. Political Satire has not any Muse that one has ever heard of; and Comedy—the next of kin—is so wholly taken up in enjoying the movements of the great BLONDIN of politics, Mr. DISRAELI, that it would be unfair to summon her away to anybody else. Mr. KINGLAKE, however, is evidently connected with some one or other of the Muses,



though he does not seem, like certain fabled veterans, to have had honey strewed upon his lips while he was asleep. He will retain in the ensuing Parliament his seat for Bridgewater, and with it, doubtless, his vigilant dislike of the French Emperor, and his admiration of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE's profile. Professor FAWCETT has at last found a seat at Brighton. The House of Commons cannot but receive him with the respect due to an educated man who has borne up gallantly under a terrible personal infliction, but it will be for Professor FAWCETT to show, if possible, by occasional reticence, that he does not wish to take an unfair advantage of the House of Commons. Mr. LAYARD is fast merging the literary Ninevite in the Under Secretary of State, though he continues, with praiseworthy philanthropy, on the occasion of Southwark literary gatherings, to figure diligently in the chair. Except for an awkward paragraph about flogging an Arab, which was once supposed by an acrimonious elector to bear on the question of flogging in the army, his book can hardly be said to affect his position, either in Southwark or in the House of Commons. Tynemouth, after a sharp contest, has chosen, in Mr. G. TREVELYAN, a young and clever graduate of Cambridge, whose name is beginning to be known in the literary world, and whose father's administrative capacities have long been recognised in the political. The Stirling Burghs, lastly, are to be congratulated on having found Mr. L. OLIPHANT, just as Mr. L. OLIPHANT is to be congratulated on having found the Stirling Burghs. Mr. OLIPHANT's powers are distinctly versatile, and it now lies upon him to prove that he is capable of becoming a sound and serious politician. Upon the whole, Literature has good reason to be proud of some of her new representatives in Parliament, and we do not know that she has reason to entertain more than a natural maternal solicitude about the discretion and the good sense of any.

Most authors who enter Parliament have had to leave behind them at the door some favourite and besetting monomania. Literary hobby-horses are usually as much out of place in the House of Commons as dogs are in Greenwich Park. If the elder Mr. SHANDY had been returned—as it seems he might have been—for some metropolitan borough, he would have had to make many sacrifices. It may be anticipated that the foremost of the new literary members will be too sensible to trammel their chances of a political career by an unnecessary zeal for the propagation of their private and SHANDEAN heresies. The female sex, for example, seems to be to Mr. MILL what the working-man is to Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, and what the Hebrew nation is to Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. DISRAELI manages his monomania in a model way. He has too much knowledge of the world to be always flaunting the Jews in the faces of his brother members. He puts that noble and suffering people into his pocket till he can sit down quietly at his library table, and take them out for the purposes of his next novel. There are plenty of congenial subjects with which Mr. MILL in like manner is admirably suited to deal, from India to Ireland; and it is probable that the rights of women will lie dormant for many years without making their appearance upon the floor of the House of Commons. SOCRATES himself would fail to convince Parliament upon the point, and the member for Westminster will doubtless abstain from urging unnecessarily a view which, after all, is of no practical importance, and in which he, and perhaps Miss COBBE, are the sole believers. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, again, has shown no tendency to flatter the prejudices, though he may unconsciously overrate the perfectibility, of his clients the working-classes. His hobby-horse assumes rather the form of a rooted and extravagant dislike of the spirit of modern political economy. In a Legislature where capital is largely represented, it is well that labour should have a bold spokesman and champion; and it is a satisfaction to feel that, though Mr. HUGHES will usually be wrong on the subject of political economy, he will always be sincere, and it will be instructive to listen to his fallacies. Mr. HUGHES's hobby-horse for these reasons may be tolerated, but it ought not to be taken as a precedent. The wisest thing in general for newly-hatched members would be at once to fling their crotchets overboard. It is a great point for a man to be acquainted with some special subject, but it is a fatal mistake for him to tie himself to the tail of any hobby-horse in existence. Mr. WHALLEY, whose awful lot it is to be a sort of Protestant MAZEPPA, is an example much in point, and one which teaches those of us who have ever incautiously mounted a hobby-horse at once to come down. To people inclined to get astride of some wild creed—whether it be the Ballot, the Permissive Bill, the Rights of Women, or the Maynooth Grant—Mr. LAWSON, Mr. BERKELEY, and Mr. WHALLEY act as monitory warnings, and cry Don't. It is not likely, in the case

of sound and experienced men, that such monition would ever be required. The true mission of genius in Parliament is to apply itself to practical legislation, not to give itself up to paradoxical and impossible crusades.

The sum total of eloquence in the new Parliament is neither very much lessened nor very much increased by the recent changes. Among the literary men, properly so called, who have recently come in, none is prominent for eloquence as yet, though it does not follow that the best way of securing the attention of the House is to display a turn for rhetoric. Upon the whole, both Liberals and Conservatives have probably reason to be thankful to Coventry for the non-election of the oratorical Mr. MASON JONES. In the recent Westminster contest, Mr. MILL, whose writings are so admirably lucid, seems to have been by no means deficient in fluency or quickness as a speaker; and perhaps the best way to succeed in Parliament would be to talk as Mr. MILL writes. A real orator and debater has, however, been gained by the election of Mr. COLERIDGE for Exeter, whose general learning and cultivation place him high among the ranks of scholars and literary men. There have been few more finished rhetoricians at the bar in our time, and with the exception of Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. DISRAELI, there is at present hardly a more polished speaker in the House. If Sir BULWER LYTTON had succumbed in the Hertfordshire election, Parliament would not have lost many, but it would have lost in each Session one or two, ambitious and eloquent declamations which do credit to the ear and memory of their talented author. Less fortunate than his counterpart Mr. HORSMAN, Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE has been excluded from Westminster at last, nor can his exclusion be counted other than a considerable loss of debating power. The new member for Brighton, Professor FAWCETT, may be as wise, but will find it hard to be as witty. How far the new and philanthropic member for Lambeth will be an acquisition to the debates remains to be seen. Mr. SPURGEON vouches for his writing power, but declines to speculate upon his merits as a future orator. It is more important, however, to have something to say than to have a genius for saying nothing well. Literary men may be supposed at all events to possess ideas, and anybody who has sound ideas need not fear that the House of Commons will close its ears.

#### AMERICA.

IT was a comparatively easy task to record the events of the American war, although the latent resources of the combatants were only matter of conjecture. There is less excitement and greater difficulty in endeavouring to comprehend the difficult process of reconstituting the Union. The Americans have several qualities which may facilitate the success of their present experiment. They are resolute in character, gregarious in thought, and, above all, admirably sanguine. It is also fortunate that the South has apparently accepted the decision of arms as a final solution of an otherwise hopeless controversy. There is no longer any dispute as to the abolition of slavery, although the future position and destiny of the negroes still remain wholly uncertain. If English customs prevailed in America, half a dozen intelligent correspondents would by this time have found their way into all parts of the reconquered States, for the purpose of furnishing the fullest information of all social and political details; but American reporters, though they have merits of their own, are not accustomed to gratify any less absorbing passion than the popular appetite for indiscriminate flattery. Proclamations, orders of the day, and extracts from Southern newspapers throw some light on the policy of the ruling powers, but at present it seems impossible to ascertain what the emancipated slaves are actually doing, or how they are living. It is not improbable that some planters may have contrived to retain the services of their former slaves by persuasion, by payment, or even by force. Elsewhere, however, it is almost certain that the negroes are enjoying their first instalment of freedom in the form of absolute idleness. The demand for negro suffrage which is preferred by a large party in the North is probably not about to be conceded. Even the majority which the Republicans hope to secure by the aid of coloured votes might perhaps be found illusory. If the negroes lived in one of the separate settlements of which Mr. LINCOLN formerly dreamed, they would probably follow the political guidance of their liberators and patrons; but an inferior race is likely to be controlled, at the poll-booth as elsewhere, by a dominant and determined majority in its own immediate neighbourhood. The Northern philanthropists argue, that the freedmen are certain to be oppressed unless they are enabled to protect themselves by the

weapon of the suffrage. It is highly probable that they will, under any possible circumstances, be subject to vexatious treatment.

There are few things more surprising than the passive deference of Americans to official dictation. Public meetings discuss the reorganization of the South with unlimited freedom, but with as little influence on the policy of the Government as if they were held in Liverpool or London. It becomes more and more evident that constitutional liberty consists neither in universal suffrage nor in written laws, but in the supremacy of a numerous Assembly. Englishmen know that Parliament will represent the preponderance of enlightened opinion, and they are consequently indifferent to the prejudices or obstinacy of individual statesmen; but the citizens of the United States are content to rely on the decision of a President, who possesses, among other attributes, the right of defining the limit of his own authority. Although the war has entirely ceased, martial law still prevails at Washington in all cases where the Government desires to exercise powers beyond the ordinary prescription of law. The assassins who were lately executed suffered by judgment of a military tribunal, and the PRESIDENT's order was successfully pleaded in answer to a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by a Judge of the District Court. When the proprietor of FORD's Theatre announced his intention of resuming performances in the building where Mr. LINCOLN was murdered, his bad taste was checked by a detachment of soldiers, acting under the warrant of the SECRETARY at WAR. It is perhaps convenient that dictatorial authority should be exercised for some time after the close of a civil war, but irregular and arbitrary power is not consistent with liberty. The habitual belief that the will of the majority is supreme readily passes into an easy submission to the supposed representative of the popular will. If the people of the United States chose to be governed on any system, however paradoxical or inconvenient, foreigners would have no right to interfere or to complain; but political observers may well interest themselves in the working of institutions which are frequently commended to their own wonder and imitation. It is not unsatisfactory to find additional proofs that one of the indispensable conditions of freedom is the legal supremacy of that portion of the community which especially cherishes private rights and immunities.

The extraordinary servility of the Republican press illustrates one remarkable tendency of American institutions. The Ministerial journalists of France could not watch the manifestations of the Imperial will with humbler deference. When Mr. JOHNSON committed the gross mistake of offering rewards for the capture of the Confederate leaders, the newspapers clamoured with coarse and bloodthirsty vehemence for the judicial murder of the conquered chiefs. Mr. JOHNSON has tacitly rebuked their eagerness by his delay in bringing Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS to trial, and by the concession of pardons to many of the most prominent civil and military functionaries of the South. Mr. TRENHOLM, who was lately Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, has been allowed to return to his home. General LEE and his officers have, to the PRESIDENT's honour, remained unmolested; and even the troublesome partisan, General MOSBY, has resumed his comparatively harmless occupation as an attorney. Of actual clemency, as of anticipated severity, the organs of American opinion express unqualified approval. It is not, however, safe to recommend the extension of the amnesty to the Confederate PRESIDENT, because it is possible that Mr. JOHNSON may, after all, give effect to the repeated denunciations of treason which he uttered soon after his accession to office. Whatever the PRESIDENT does will be pronounced to be well done, though the New York press would perhaps take exceptional pleasure in applauding official wickedness, perfidy, and folly. There is reason to believe that the bulk of the community is wiser and honester than its self-appointed representatives, but there appears to be no suspicion of the danger of combining all executive and legislative powers in a single person. Mr. JOHNSON, for the present, enjoys an additional advantage from the uncertainty in which his political tendencies are left. The Democrats begin to hope that the PRESIDENT will fall back into the ranks of his original party, and the Republicans fear to precipitate his desertion by the expression of their growing doubts. In other respects, he possesses many qualifications for his arduous task, in his knowledge of Southern habits and feelings. A slaveowner, and a zealous advocate of the extension of slavery into the Territories, is not liable, even after a total change of opinion, to the blunders of a New England fanatic; yet it is possible that the ad-

vantages of local knowledge may be outweighed by the one-sidedness of an active partisan.

The PRESIDENT has lost no time in taking the preliminary steps for restoring the Confederate States to the Union. Even in Florida, as well as in South Carolina, a Provisional Government has been appointed, with instructions to call a Constituent Convention of conforming citizens. The abolition of slavery is justifiably prescribed as a condition of the new State Constitutions, but the question of negro suffrage is remitted to the several Conventions. As the Southern population is thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of further resistance, the necessary tests will probably be accepted, so that the States will be practically reconstituted by their own inhabitants. The Northern Democrats are already anticipating a renewal of the ancient alliance by which, for two or three generations, they controlled the policy of the Union. On the other side, the defeated Confederates expect to obtain redress, and perhaps revenge, by the regular machinery of election and legislation. There is some excuse for the fear of alarmists that the progress of reconstruction may be even too rapid and easy. One ominous cause for uneasiness remains in the determination of the PRESIDENT to maintain the most formidable exception to his amnesty. He has, in answer to a deputation from Virginia, refused to extend any favour to the owners of property exceeding 4,000*l.* With extreme injustice and bad taste, he even asked the memorialists why they did not bring themselves within the provisions of the amnesty by giving the surplus above the prescribed amount to the poor. He added that in many cases it would be just to effect the same object by a sweeping taxation of the rich. There can be little doubt that at present Mr. JOHNSON intends to institute in the South a revolutionary redistribution of property; but even American submissiveness may perhaps be interrupted by a project which exceeded the powers of ROBESPIERRE and ST. JUST.

#### AN EXPENSIVE METAPHOR.

THE Conservative leaders can now estimate with some accuracy the exact cost of an unfortunate trope. A metaphor often goes a great deal further than an argument, and the majority of men are evidently much more powerfully affected by a figure or an illustration than by the substantial reasoning which it is meant to colour. Lord DERBY, as an accomplished master of the whole art of eloquence, might fairly have been expected to know this, and as the responsible leader of a party he might fairly have been expected to profit by his knowledge. Everybody who has had any experience in discussion, even in private life, is aware that plenty of people who can listen with patience to a series of the most crushing arguments, so long as they are advanced with gravity and deference, will be thrown into violent anger by a single jocose simile. In the case of large and important bodies of men this disposition is intensified. The offensive trope becomes more offensive by being on the lips of all men, and it is soon felt too that the trope is a condensed and graphic expression of the orator's real sentiments. Nobody knows better than the author of *Coningsby* what is the worth of a cry, and Mr. DISRAELI must have felt that the elaborate and pointed figure of the Muzzle was supplying his opponents with a far better cry than they could have devised by their own unassisted ingenuity. It is very hard upon the lieutenant that a single metaphor of his reckless chief should have demolished the sublime structure which had been so artfully raised upon the mysterious base of Caucasian Catholicism. For six long years in the cold shade of Opposition he had cherished a becoming sympathy with the POPE, whom he no doubt looks upon as a brother in affliction, as he is his only parallel in impotent perversity. During the whole of that time he had done all he could to win the sweet confidence of the Irish Ultramontanes, and at last he even tried to persuade them that nothing but a wise regard for their best interests could have induced him to vote against the Oaths Bill. He laid great stress on the sincerity with which he "honoured their ancient faith "and venerable creed." With Mr. WHITESIDE and Sir HUGH CAIRNS by his side, Mr. DISRAELI deserves some credit for having had the courage to go so far. He even said that, if the Roman Catholics considered that any reproach was laid upon them by the opening words of the existing oath, he would not for a moment oppose their omission; though, parenthetically, he rather thought any feeling of this kind was of "a morbid "character." The POPE himself could not reasonably ask more. Such fair speaking deserved a better reward, but Mr. DISRAELI's evil star was, as it usually is, in the ascendant,

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and his three columns of argument and appeal and deep religious feeling were worse than nullified by one pungent metaphor in the mouth of his rash chief. With fatal completeness the metaphor was worked out and polished until rhetorically it was faultless. When the last sentence was finished, the hearts of all Liberal whips and solicitors and electioneering agents must have rejoiced with exceeding gladness. "I am very much obliged to you, but I had rather 'keep the muzzle on,' was as welcome an inspiration to them as 'Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution' was to TAPER and TADPOLE. The eight seats which have been lost to the Conservatives in Ireland, unbalanced by a single gain in that country, are a striking and substantial proof of what rhetoric can do.

The peculiarities of the occasion make this especially provoking to the Opposition. They were on the point of reaping the fruit, which had been so long in ripening, of the Italian policy of the Government. The support given to the impious assailants of the property of the Holy Father was supposed to have utterly destroyed the traditional ties between the Roman Catholics in Ireland and the Whigs. Indeed there is every reason for thinking that, if the Conservative leaders had not fallen blindly into the trap which Mr. MONSELL set for them, their sanguine anticipations would have been fully realized. Solomon's proverb, however, that in vain is the snare laid in the sight of any bird, does not apply to the Conservative birds. Instead of giving the Oaths Bill the go-by as adroitly as they could, both Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY did their best to make it one of the most prominent questions of the Session. They could not vote for it without offending the more fanatical of their Protestant followers, nor against it without offending the Roman Catholics. In either case they were in a difficulty; and their delicious skill and thrice admirable tact were shown by Mr. DISRAELI making a speech that was sure to annoy all the staunch Protestants, and by Lord DERBY working out a trope that was sure to outrage the feelings of all the staunch Catholics. Such be thy gods, O Carlton! The mere rejection of the Bill in a quiet way might have created some passing disappointment, but mere disappointment would have been a very ineffectual motive compared with the strong ill-will which Lord PALMERSTON's policy on the Papal question had provoked. And, even as it was, the most influential of the Ultramontane organs was very angry with Mr. MONSELL for stirring up the question at all. It was justly felt to be a diversion of political feeling from the channels in which it is the present choice of the Ultramontanes that political feeling among the Roman Catholics should run. They naturally, therefore, did their best to keep the Italian issue before the electors, and diligently snubbed all attempts to shelve this in favour of any other. Why make this fuss, they asked, about the unfelt burden of a theoretically obnoxious oath at a moment when the temporal power of the Holy See is at stake, and when it may make all the difference in the world whether whatever moral support it is in the power of this country to give is at the critical time found in the hands of Lord PALMERSTON or of Mr. DISRAELI? There is plenty of time for an agitation about the oath, but the Convention of September has made the position of the Papacy critical. All this argumentation, such as it is, would have had its weight. But most men, and Irishmen more especially, are more moved by what they take to be a present insult upon themselves than by the prospect of a misfortune which may overtake a revered friend at some future time. The fact that he had been compared to a vicious dog who ought to be muzzled was a much more powerful consideration in the mind of the Irish voter, or wire-puller, than the possibility of Lord DERBY giving a shade less cordial moral support to the enemies of the POPE than Lord PALMERSTON would give. There never was a clearer case of going out of one's way in order to tread on the tail of an Irishman's paletôt than this fatal apologue of the dangerous brute and its muzzle. The direct losses of Conservative seats in Ireland, and the failure of every attempt on a seat belonging to the other side, indicate significantly enough who has come off worst in the encounter. The lively elector who delighted the politicians of Dundalk by exhibiting from time to time a "muzzler large enough for an ox," and adjusting it to his own jaws, was only giving a vivid illustration of the process which all the Roman Catholic electors of the country were silently picturing in their own minds. The rejection of Mr. POPE HENNESSY by the electors of King's County was effected by too small a majority to be taken as a very decisive symptom of the general feeling against any alliance between the Tories and the Irish Catholics. Still Mr. HENNESSY's activity in behalf of Poland, and the relentless perseverance with which he always kept himself before the House of Commons, might

have been expected to secure him a seat. Energetic young politicians, who are willing to work hard to gain a position, form a desirable class, only sometimes they are apt to "discount the future"; and as they presume on an imagined position, their activity on every subject that is brought forward becomes of the nature of a bore. But whatever was the secret of Mr. HENNESSY's failure, the repugnance of the Irish Catholics to have anything to do with the followers of Lord DERBY is perceptible enough elsewhere than in King's County. It is a little remarkable, on the other hand, that Liverpool, where there is a large population of Roman Catholics, replaced a Liberal by a Conservative. Birkenhead, also, re-seated Mr. LAIRD by a triumphant majority over his Liberal adversary; but then Mr. LAIRD had paired in favour of the Oaths Bill, and the natural influence of so large an employer of labour would tend materially to alleviate the unpleasant feeling occasioned by Lord DERBY's muzzle.

It is impossible to tell how much the obnoxious trope had to do with Conservative reverses in the English boroughs. Of course its natural effect everywhere would be to alienate all Roman Catholics, as well as those wavering Liberals and immoderate Radicals who would not be sorry to see Lord PALMERSTON turned out, but who could scarcely like to replace him by an avowed upholder of religious fetters and restrictions. The question is, whether the number of people who believe in Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. WHALLEY, and who would be unspeakably gratified by the odious figure, was enough to neutralize the votes of those who had been offended by it. More than one Conservative candidate was seriously harassed and injured by the simile of the leader of his party. In fact, it was obvious from the commencement that the tactics of the Conservative leaders with reference to the Oaths Bill were little short of infatuated. At all events, the only effect of their policy has been to confirm Earl GREY's pointed argument that the oath is every day becoming a greater danger to the Irish Church. If the oath, as Lord DERBY confessed, is valuable as a security for the Irish Establishment, men will begin to hate the Establishment because they hate the oath. "No man who has watched the 'signs of the times,' said Earl GREY, 'can assign a longer 'period of existence to the Roman Catholic Oath than four or 'five years.' If Lord DERBY will only make one or two more speeches about vicious dogs and muzzles, he will be taking the most effectual means in his power both to remove the muzzle and to abolish the great object for which he chiefly prizes the muzzle. But perhaps the result of the Irish elections may instil a cautiousness of giving offence by rash metaphors, more worthy of the responsible position of the leader of a great political party.

#### THE USES OF DIGNITY.

IT was stated in the newspapers the other day that, at an important town on one of the circuits, the two learned judges were conveyed to church, to hear the assize sermon, in a very shabby old brougham drawn by a pair of very weedy horses. Not unnaturally, this extraordinary simplicity excited a good deal of remark. The reporter calls it Spartan simplicity, though one does not quite perceive what the Spartans had to do with shabby broughams and bad hacks. But, whether we choose to consider such an incident as an exhibition of Spartan simplicity or of county stinginess, it is equally suggestive of one or two rather remarkable undercurrents in modern English society. There are various causes at work to make people pay less attention and attach less value to what are beginning to be spoken of, not without a shade of contempt, as the outsides of things. For various reasons, we are becoming disposed to look more and more entirely to results, without thinking much of the gracefulness or dignity or any other minor quality of the means which lead to the results. So long as the work is performed—and in work may be justly included a large share of what, by a distinction without a difference, is classified as pleasure—we are every day getting more indifferent to details that are not essential. If offenders are tried and punished with justice and despatch, of what possible consequence can it be whether the judges went to church in a rickety old brougham or Hansom cab, or in a brand new state-coach? If you can eat your dinner as heartily and digest it as comfortably in a seal-skin shooting-jacket, why should you take the trouble to change it for a dress-coat? So far as it goes, this mode of argument cannot be impugned, only there is no reason why it should not be carried a great deal further. The judge's knowledge of law would not be a whit diminished, nor his sagacity and penetration any less active, if he sat in his shirt-sleeves in a rocking-chair. If it is desirable that everybody should on all occasions wear exactly whatever costume he finds most comfortable, it is hard to see why in summer he should not go out to dinner in the simple and unostentatious apparel of the Sandwich Islanders. And perhaps we ought, on the same principle, to act on the doctrine of Diogenes, that whatever is not in itself

improper ought to be performed publicly—which, it is evident, would bring about an uncommonly alarming state of things.

There are two sorts of people who encourage a tendency in this direction. First, there are the busy people, daily growing more numerous and more influential, who buy and sell, manufacture, and employ thousands of hands, and make hundreds of thousands of pounds. They find that they can do all this to the best advantage when they are least studious of accessories. His business thrives most who goes straightest and quickest to the point. Briskness and outspeaking and brevity are virtues which go a long way in buying and selling, and making railways, and building bridges, and the like. A man who has habitually to deal with shrewd and vigilant competitors gets a knack of looking down on the little graces and dignities, which, as he thinks, do not, after all, come to anything. Such amenities neither bring money nor add to that bodily ease and enjoyment which form the next most desirable thing in their esteem. In the second place, among the despisers of dignity are those who take what they think the philosophical view of things. The transcendentalist and the Stoic both have this point of contact with those whom in other points they least resemble—the men who find their whole law and gospel in the philosophy of self-help. One who insists on measuring the whole structure of usage and etiquette by a tiny handful of rigid first principles, or who is always crying out about Fact and Veracity, is sure to despise all outsidings, and to deem any attention to them the mark of a pedant or a fop. What is the use, he would say, of troubling yourself about the husk, so long as you have the kernel? If a man has Insight and Veracity, and all the other unspeakable virtues so familiar on the lips of the transcendentalist, he can well dispense with the mere wrappings and hulls, and indulge in whatever whimsicalities of manner and attire and practice seem good in his own eyes. Not very far removed from this way of looking at life is the spirit of asceticism which is a natural product of an age like our own, when the rapid and enormous growth of wealth has been the means both of stimulating and gratifying a corresponding spread of luxurious and self-indulgent habits. The prevalence of luxury and refinement is sure to beget a reaction in that considerable class of minds which are in one age the seed-ground of Stoicism, in another of Puritanism, in a third of asceticism. In the present day, among some of the rising generation, there is a strong sentiment of dislike for the luxuries the hope of attaining which is to so many men the strongest motive to exertion that they are capable of knowing or feeling. Fine houses and gardens, and choice wines and dishes, and horses and carriages, they regard with something like aversion, or at least without the shadow of a desire to possess such things for their own. Of course it would be absurd to expect this temper to be very common; but those whom it influences are sufficiently numerous, along with the other sets of people who habitually protest against regard being had to anything but what is essential and narrowly to the point, to make it worth while to dwell on one or two of the considerations on the other side which they are apt to overlook.

Life without these secondary adjuncts of grace and dignity is like one of those plain gaunt houses which are often eminently commodious and healthy, but which still have no claim to be considered types of the most perfect domestic architecture. A great many people much prefer these bleak mansions, and fit them up inside in a style of corresponding severity. One can live in them very well, it cannot be denied; one's food may taste as agreeably and prove as nutritious, and one's sleep may be as sound, and one can do as much work there as anywhere else, perhaps. And just in the same way, a man can get some pleasure, and do a great deal of work, if he is wholly indifferent to the ornamentation of his life. But the question is whether this adornment is not, after all, worth something for its own sake, and whether it is not an end for which even some sacrifices may advantageously be made. Is attention to the outside, to the husk, to be fairly treated as a waste of time? Style, for instance, and demeanour, and attire, are all mere outsidings. If a man's thoughts are worth listening to, it is quite immaterial, we are told, into what form of words he chooses to throw them, provided they are thoroughly intelligible. If his heart is in the right place, and he leads a virtuous life, and pursues wisdom, he is no worse if he is as shy or uncouth as a Troglodyte. If he is industrious and clever, it does not much matter whether he dresses well or ill. Nobody of sense, we suppose, would deny either that graces of the mind and dignity of character are a great deal more important than graces and dignity of exterior, or that the one set of qualities may exist without the other. A man may write polished and sonorous sentences which have not an atom of thought in them; he may have dignity of behaviour, and yet be either a great fool or a great rogue, or both one and the other; and he may be well-dressed, without necessarily possessing either a sound mind or a sound body. All this is obvious—as obvious as it is, on the other hand, that a man like Samuel Johnson may have both dignity of character and of style without any exterior graces, or that a writer like Mr. Carlyle may be perfectly capable of appreciating and sympathizing with grace of mind and dignity of character, and may still descend to the outrageous ugliness of his "Doggeries" and "Gigmanities." It is probably from observing merely that there is no radical connection between dignity in small matters, and genuine worth and power in those weightier matters which make the base of our esteem for one another, that so many people have failed to recognise the existence of dignity

in non-essentials as a substantial and independent merit, or even have come to regard it as a downright littleness.

It is natural that an esteem for the decorations of life should be a late growth of our civilization, and that their value should not strike the large section of educated people who, though they do not think of Rousseau or Bernardin St. Pierre, always sigh for some ideal of primitive simplicity, where no cumbrous etiquette, no considerations of outside appearance, should fetter the free intercourse of man and man, and hinder each from living his own life. Like young lovers, we are, for a short period in our early days at all events, eager to believe that the happiest life is that which is occupied with fewest interests, and which is least dependent on anything outside of ourselves. Time and thought succeed in convincing most persons that it would be considerably nearer the truth to look upon the best kind of happiness as lying in the widest possible range of interests and tastes, and as belonging to him who, by opportunity and culture, is able to add to sterling worth and sound practical judgment the keenest appreciation of all minor pleasures, and the nicest attention to all minor adornments. Simplicity is very often only a pleasant name for shabbiness or squalor, and dignified simplicity is a fine way of talking about shabbiness and conceit combined. But at best simplicity, as applied to manner of life, is a negative virtue. There are a great many circumstances in which it is highly laudable, because it means a proper thriftiness and frugality. People who affect minor pleasures and adornments when they cannot afford to pay for them, or when they can only gratify their tastes at the expense of more solid objects—as, for instance, the education of their children—are clearly guilty of a heavy social offence. Still, even in the cases where simplicity of life is most becoming and most admirable, it is in itself only a doing without certain things. The contented endurance of this privation may indicate strength and common sense, but the man would have extracted more out of life if the privation had not been necessary, and if he had been capable both of feeling and of gratifying a larger number of sensibilities. The power of being able to endure with contentment, when it is necessary, the lack of all decoration, is a very valuable one; but the necessity of exercising the power is in itself almost always a sheer drawback. A man may deserve all praise for foregoing every superfluous adornment; but the circumstances which make such conduct praiseworthy are, so far as they go, justly to be deplored. To be obliged to live in dingy rooms, and have no pictures nor flowers nor music, and fare coarsely, and wear bad clothes—all this is a deprivation which the most philosophical of men would be all the better for not having to undergo. If it is endured for the sake of discharging some unquestioned duty, the man has an entirely ample compensation. If he goes through it simply because he is unconscious of all that he has missed, or indifferent to what he might have legitimately enjoyed, then by so much has he lessened the dignity of his life. It has been by precisely so much less worth having than it might have been.

Of course a love of dignity, unfortunately, like every other excellent sentiment, may err in excess as well as in deficiency. A man may carry it so far in art and letters as to become a mere fastidious dilettante, and nothing more; on another side it may degenerate into stupid foppery; while in a third aspect it may grow into a hateful and thick-ribbed priggishness. Attention to niceties of manner and expression, and to the ornamental part of all that we surround ourselves with, is capable of absorbing more than a fair share of the mind, and of diverting us from what is much more valuable than any niceties can ever be. But at the present time the common tendency is strongly in the other direction. A miserable and gratuitous misconception of what the rising school of philosophers have so unfortunately named Utility gives an unwarranted encouragement to the tendency. As if every ornament and grace of conduct and manner, and even of material surrounding, were not useful in the very highest sense! Industry and energy and temperance and a sense of justice, and the other fundamental virtues of a well-developed character, come first. All these things we ought to do, yet not leave the other undone.

#### POPULAR BELIEFS.

"VOX Populi vox Dei," says the proverb—a proverb which has, before now, been mistaken for Scripture. The proverb is, so to speak, a good illustration of itself. It is a popular saying about popular sayings, and it has about as much truth in it as popular sayings generally have in them. The "Vox Populi" of the proverb may mean either of two different things. It may be taken, and doubtless has often been taken, as implying something like an omen. There are several stories in which grave assemblies are described as having been led to a decision on a difficult matter by the accidental voice of a child. The child could give no reasonable opinion on the matter in debate; he probably did not know what the matter in debate was; but for that very reason he was the more trustingly to be followed; what he said was not his own voice, but the voice of God speaking through him. In the same way, the sudden outcry of a multitude may be taken to be the voice of God, simply because the multitude may be held to be incapable of reasoning, and its unanimous voice to be therefore a thing to be more clearly accepted as the dictate of inspiration. We half suspect that this is the original meaning of the proverb, though it is not the meaning in which it is most commonly used. It lies under the twofold objection of being dis-

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tinctly superstitious and, like some other idolatries, of hardly doing justice to the idol which it deifies. Certainly, at first sight, except in this way of an omen, nothing can seem less like the voice of God than the sudden outcry of a multitude. Its demands are often unreasonable, often wicked, often utterly inconsistent. And yet they are never to be wholly despised. There is at least always something to be learned from them. Even in the mere outcry of a multitude, and still more in the settled conviction of a people, though there may be much of error, much of passion, much of inconsistency, there is always some genuine truth at the bottom. In this higher *Vox Populi* we may, in this way, discern a considerable element of the *Vox Dei*.

The divine element in a popular belief is often overclouded with a great deal which is the opposite of divine, but there is true divinity in it all the same. Whatever of truth there is in it is at once genuine and instinctive. Be the impulses of a multitude good or bad, they are real impulses; a mob may say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, but what it says it really means at the time. And a people, or even a multitude, is a very different thing from a mob. The Athenian Assembly was a multitude, but it was a multitude capable of acting according to preordained rules of order. The Roman Assembly, in its later days, was a mob which, by way of settling questions, broke heads at discretion. The one was amenable to reason and the other was not, but what either of them shouted for was what they really wished for and thought right at the time. And the impulses of a multitude, and even of a mob, are, when it is left to itself, in the main fair and generous. If it refuses to hear a speaker, it is commonly not the resolution of the whole body, but the determination of a packed few, who carry their point, because, on such an occasion, one man who makes a noise has the advantage over a hundred who keep quiet. Acts of violence come from the instigation of some few designing persons much more commonly than from any original impulse on the part of the crowd. The worst side of a mob is the ease with which it is led wrong, but then, in the hands of one who knows how to manage it, it may just as easily be led right. It has strong feelings, which it expresses in strong words, sometimes in strong actions; but in the feelings of a genuine crowd—not a hired or packed body—there is sure to be a good deal that is sound and just at the bottom. A crowd does not like to be bullied or insulted, but it is quite a mistake to suppose that it wants to be abjectly cringed to. In every crowd there will be a strong element which appreciates pluck and straightforwardness, and which will not go against a man because he keeps up his own self-respect.

The momentary impulses of a crowd are one form of the *Vox Populi*, and the form in which it commonly shows both its best and its worst. To take the stock example from the New Testament, it cries "Hosanna" one day and "Crucify" the next. But it is worth noticing that the crowd seems to have cried "Hosanna" of its own free will, while it did not cry "Crucify" till it was stirred up by the Chief Priests. But popular sayings, popular beliefs, on all subjects are essentially the same thing; they are little more than a prolonged outcry. There is in them hardly less of impulse or more of real thought; they are nothing but the repetition of a formula once learned, and uttered over and over again till some new formula comes into fashion. Now these formulae generally seem very absurd, and so they generally are. But there is an element of divinity in them nevertheless. There is a certain amount of genuine instinctive truth in them. A people often makes very unreasonable complaints, but it never complains without reason. That is, it attributes its sufferings to the wrong cause or to the wrong person; it seeks for the wrong remedy, and goes to the wrong physician; but unless it really does suffer, it does not complain. The existence of a popular complaint shows that there is an evil to be redressed, though it may need to be redressed in some way utterly different from that which those who make the complaint propose. The multitude, in short, seldom gets hold of absolute falsehood, but more usually of a half truth. When advantages and disadvantages are nearly equally balanced on two sides, it sees one side very clearly and the other side not at all. It makes logical deductions from mistaken statements of fact, it makes general inferences from facts which justify only particular inferences, it puts forth the truth which it gets hold of in an exaggerated and one-sided form, but there is real truth in what it has got hold of after all. It constantly condemns the wrong man, but it condemns him because it sincerely believes him to have done something for which, if he had done it, he would deserve to be condemned. It constantly clamours for the wrong policy, but it is because, from its own point of view, it honestly takes the wrong for right. A popular outcry forced Walpole into a war with Spain against his better judgment. The people believed the fable of "Jenkins's ears"; Walpole knew better; but if the story of Jenkins's ears had been other than a fable, no one can say that the war with Spain would have been other than the right thing.

What applies to popular beliefs and wishes of this kind applies also to popular notions of historical events and characters. The greater part of the labour of the true historian is given up to exposing and confuting popular errors. But those popular errors always have a certain amount of truth in them, of good, honest, instinctive truth, which is more than we can always say for the ingenious paradoxes of the learned. Take, for instance, a popular notion of which we have lately had occasion to speak once or twice. The mass of people talk of the Reformation as if it were one event which happened all at once—as if the rejection of the Pope's supremacy, the suppression of the monasteries,

the publication of the English liturgy, were all things which happened at the same time, and which necessarily involved one another. No error has led to more utter confusion than this jumbling together of the events of thirty years. It leads to utter misconception of almost every particular character and event within the period concerned. Yet the error shows a real appreciation of the general course of events. The events which are confused together under the name of the Reformation did not logically imply one another; but when once one of them had happened, it was not likely to be very long before the others followed. The popular notion confounds every detail of times, persons, and events, but it firmly grasps the practical aspect of the whole question. It is really less erroneous than would be the theory of any philosophical historian who should take up the other line in an exaggerated way, and treat each event as if it were isolated. So the popular conception of Henry the Eighth utterly confounds dates, and blurs out much that is most true and remarkable in his character; but, after all, it gives a picture of him far truer than the rose-colour of Mr. Froude. Alfred, besides his own good deeds, is credited with the good deeds of many earlier and many later worthies; but that they are all heaped upon Alfred shows the true and abiding conviction of the nation that Alfred was its best and greatest King. No one attributes the whole mass of our institutions to Æthelred the Unready. So, again, one has to defend Edward the First by showing that he really acted in an utterly different way from the way in which, under modern Scotch influences, he is generally believed to have acted. But the popular view pronounces a perfectly just judgment on the actions, supposing they had ever happened. We know some very worthy people who admire Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; but it is because, by some process of invincible ignorance, they cannot be got to distinguish between 1848 and 1851, so that they seriously believe that Louis Napoleon and not Cavaignac delivered France from the revolt of the Red Republicans. Granting their facts, we should not take much trouble to dispute their inferences.

Take, again, the popular notions about the Byzantine Empire—the talk about its utter weakness, cowardice, corruption, and the like. These notions confute themselves; an utterly weak and cowardly Empire could not have resisted so many and such vigorous enemies, for century after century. These notions wipe out of remembrance a whole line of statesmen and warriors who, if not great, were next door to it; they wipe out some of the most remarkable instances in all history of a power reviving to new life and recovering a lost position. But there is truth at the bottom even of all this popular error. First of all, the popular talk, though utterly untrue of some large portions of Byzantine history, is literally true of other large portions. And more than this, the popular talk, unfair and exaggerated as it is, shows a real instinctive perception of the differences between Eastern and Western Europe. The West was progressive, the East was at most conservative; in the West you find the germs of something new; in the East you find nothing but the relics of something old; the great men of the West founded, created, developed things wholly new; the greatest Byzantine Emperors did but reform the abuses of their predecessors and recover the provinces which they had lost. Mr. Finlay said with perfect truth, that the Greeks were better off under some of the Turkish Sultans than under some of their own Emperors. It was no more than might have been expected if popular writers some years back thought this was quite enough to show that any Sultan was better than any Emperor, and that a Mahometan State was generally better than a Christian one.

Again, popular beliefs and impulses do constantly—therein, by the way, resembling the Empire of which we have been speaking—survive their day of usefulness, so that what was once very good and true goes on after it has become very bad and very false. The Englishman's hatred of the Pope is six hundred years old, and a very healthy feeling it was for three hundred years. The Englishman's fear of the Pope was quite reasonable under Philip and Mary, and under James the Second. But both sentiments have gone on past their day, and they have got mingled up with a mass of nonsense and prejudice which has no real connection with either. But the germ of Exeter Hall is to be found in the invectives of Matthew Paris—we might almost say of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Mr. Whalley is very ridiculous, while Robert Grosseteste is one of the most venerable names in our history. Yet Mr. Whalley does in a manner continue the work of Robert Grosseteste. He continues it like a man who goes on flogging the dead horse with such spirit that most of his blows fall on the animal's unoffending living yokel-fellow. But there is an historical connection between the two men. In Mr. Whalley's eyes, Matthew Paris, Robert Grosseteste, and above all St. Thomas of Canterbury, are no doubt simply Popish priests, but a careful study of their writings and sayings might supply him with some unexpected flowers of rhetoric for his next invective against Antichrist.

#### HERMITS.

THERE is an ever-increasing difficulty, as time rolls on, in bringing ourselves to realize the value, or even to appreciate the meaning, of many once familiar and well-established habits of thought. Such old-world virtues as that of early rising and early going to bed, as well as that of courting unnecessary hardships through contempt for the luxury of a fire except within certain arbitrary dates, or of an extra coat at Christmas, may still form

the pride of a few elderly gentlemen, generally of the class characterized by Mr. Dickens as the "buttoned-up" order. But what it is that backs up their stiffness or justifies their self-complacency remains as enigmatical as the sphinx to a more indulgent and easier-going generation. It is still more difficult to understand the state of intellect or of taste which made our forefathers delight, a couple of centuries ago, in imagining themselves and their loves to be shepherds and shepherdesses—when the proper thing was to be drawn as Strephon or Chloe, Amyntor or Araminta, languishing on mossy banks with their woolly favourites in garlands and ribbons at their feet. In our present matter-of-fact and realistic way of looking at things, how can we be expected to recognise anything approaching our own flesh and blood in the fine gentlemen and ladies who simmer down upon us, crook in hand, from the walls of Versailles or Hampton Court, or who pipe to us amidst their dainty flocks in choice Dresden or old Sèvres? Most difficult of all, however, must it be, from the point of view of a business-like and bustling age, to throw ourselves into the spirit which led the fine ladies and gentlemen, together with the wits and fine writers, of a generation later to expatiate upon the pleasures of solitude, and to sigh for the supreme felicity of a cell or a hermitage. That something of this singular turn of sentiment, which marks the entire poetry and didactic prose of a certain period of our literature, may have been due to the inevitable reaction from a period monstrously artificial and conventional, need not indeed be doubted. From a reign of ultra-modishness and affectation it was no unnatural rebound to an equally extreme and morbid fancy for the unsocial or the savage life. The ideal of happiness and enjoyment became that of the solitary or the anchorite, and moralist and poet vied with each other in denunciations of the falsehood and viciousness of regarding man as a gregarious and social animal, and in glowing eulogiums of the purity and peacefulness of life on a desert isle, in a wilderness, or in a cavern. Doubtless we are not called upon to take these vapourings of an age of fashion seriously, as the expression of a real and deep-seated conviction, or as a deliberate code of social ethics. There was, it may well be thought, scarcely less affectation in the cynical contempt for finery and fashion then professed than in the previous mania for classical or pastoral revivals. Still there must be somewhat of an interior persuasion or state of consciousness to explain even so superficial and flimsy a condition of public taste; and it may be worth while considering for a moment in what lies that peculiar difference as to social or other causes which gave to that particular epoch a character so exceptional when compared with our own. There is, we may be assured, no fashion so absurd and extravagant but it is due to some ulterior principle of causation, and forms, in fact, the expression of something latent in the interior condition of society. Even things apparently so insignificant and arbitrary as forms of costume, or tricks of slang, and the like, may have thus a meaning and a language of their own, and speak to the thoughtful mind of the feelings, ideas, and associations of the time. Making every allowance, therefore, for the influence of mere fancy or affectation in the yearnings so expressed for an unsocial and solitary mode of life, there need be nothing anomalous or far-fetched in drawing attention to that peculiar phase in our national literature, and in attempting at least an analysis of the motives and the instincts which produced a state of sentiment so alien to that prevalent in our own day.

We hardly need words to prove that, in point of fact, the sentiment in question has practically faded out of the national consciousness. Whatever lingering allusions to such a taste are still to be met with in our popular poets or reflective writers, they are instinctively put down as part of the shams of fiction—some of the traditional echoes from the spirit of the antique. The poet or essayist who should proceed to act upon his dream of solitude and savagery, to choose "some savage woman," and rear his "dusky race," would soon have to exchange the laurel for a cooling bandage, and find his flowing locks submitted to the shears of an asylum. When greater poets—if the existing readers of poetry will allow us the expression—indulge in visions of the solitary's tranquil lot—

The peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell—

we accept such musical melancholy with a sympathy for the mood of the writer which at no time makes us fear to see him give reality to his poetic musings by leaving the world bereft of the charm of his genius, and which finds relief, at all events, from the dread of any such loss when we pass on to the joyous social burst of the *Allegro*. Whether feigned, however, or real, the passion for the life of the solitary or recluse apart from the sinful and cruel world is a thing no longer capable of revival, either in literature or in that drama of real life of which literature is but the contemporary mirror—no longer to be vapoured about in airy verse or stilted prose, or exemplified by living specimens of the historical denizens of the cavern or the hermitage. Our literature knows no Zimmerman, and the Confessions of our Rousseaus point to a paradise of the senses of a gregarious rather than of a solitary cast. As a solace under physical or mental dolours, as a remedy against fretfulness or discontent, or as a balm for wounded or disappointed affection, it must be confessed that all faith in the efficacy of solitude is exploded. It is not the way in which any pathologist would now minister to a mind diseased, nor that to which our blighted beings rush for the alleviation of their bruised spirits. Our wounded fawns no

longer seek out for themselves a lonely covert where they may lay down their sore and outraged hearts, or shut themselves up to die of the slow agony of blighted hope. We no more see the jilted sufferer go "moaning about like a sick cow." She is deep in a whirl of flirtations under the very nose of her supposed murderer. She is off with a lively party up Monte Rosa or down the crater of Vesuvius, or on a yachting cruise round the Icy Cape. She is breaking a new pair of ponies, or distancing the very Anonyma of Rotten Row in the saucy turn of a new hat. The male victim of similar treatment is going in for thousands at Tattersall's, seeking to combine relief to injured feeling with vengeance upon successful rivalry by unheard-of investments in favourites for the Derby. Heroes of the stamp of Guy Livingstone try a round of "reckless debauchery." Those of a less muscular or truculent turn work hard the smoking-room at the club, or pull in a social four-oar down the Danube, or take a turn at hunting at Baden-Baden, or join a select set in a month's deer-driving in the Highlands. The man or woman who should shut up his or her self outright under such circumstances would be set down at once as a humbug or a lump of affectation, if not suspected by his or her friends of a latent unsoundness of mind, and treated accordingly. Roland would not long, in these days, enjoy the luxury of gazing at his lost love's window, without himself having to exchange the solitude of his tower for the cheerful, though guarded, circle of some certificated asylum. We are told, it is true, of a hermit who has but lately died in his retreat somewhere in Argyleshire. It is not stated what caused this last of his order to fly from the ordinary haunts and avocations of men—whether it was some special rankling wound, or somewhat of that general misanthropy which is said to have driven sundry morose persons to undertake the care of lighthouses, or which, in the judgment of Mr. Weller senior, was the justification of certain people keeping pikes. But even this last of the anchorites held his occasional levees, and had no objection to visitors, sitting down with gusto to a friendly cup with those who brought him presents of tea. Even in the extreme excitement of the religious emotions, the last thing now thought of would be a recourse to the quietude and isolation of the hermitage or the cell. The very Stylite would, in our day, have been dragged down at the prompting of his fondest worshippers to receive a series of "ovations" and testimonials, and to take the chair at a succession of revival entertainments; while among the earliest offerings dropped into their wallets, or piously spread at their cell door, we suspect that "holy Macarius and great Anthony" would find many a pretty three-cornered note imploring their sanctities' presence at the fair devotee's next drawing-room prayer and improvement meeting. Some such social or domestic medicine as this might have gone far towards dissipating the frightful nightmares engendered by the solitude of the desert. Nor would St. Jerome's nightly wrestlings with the Evil One, or Luther's exploit with the inkstand at Wartsburg, have been suffered to come to a reality, for want of that license to brood in loneliness, abstinence, and vigil from which were wont to spring up those phantoms of darkness.

One cause of a change of temperament which so emphatically characterizes our times is the greatly increased degree in which the civilization of our age has come to depend upon external and material elements. In the face of the vast accession of ideas through discovery and travel, the increase of luxury and comfort, the facilities of locomotion, and the corresponding desire of change, it is simply impossible that the internal or mental elements of character should retain the same share in making up the round of life and thought. Those tangible and outward things become more and more indispensable to the soul, and, in case of any disturbance of the economy of the mind and heart, it is to external medicines like these that recourse is had for relief, rather than to the healing powers of nature in silence, solitude, and repose. When the mind is suffering from the exhaustion of overwork, the faculties jaded by thought, the feelings wounded or unstrung by some conflict or blow, relief is instinctively sought in exercise in some counter direction, which, by inducing the action of an opposite class of energies or emotions, shall give ease to the local strain and restore the lost balance of the organism. Instinct here leads as surely as philosophical reasoning itself to a psychological principle analogous to the law of rotation of crops in practical agriculture. The rule of leaving unproductive fallows may be set down as not less barbarous in the case of thought or feeling than when applied to the land. Nor do dissimilar results attend an infraction of this regulation of nature in either case. If wild and noxious weeds spring up to fill the void in active and profitable culture, so do loose and unwholesome habits show themselves in the otiose and solitary dreamer. So far from isolation from the objects, interests, and wants of society tending to exclude selfish and egotistical feelings or a peevish and envious frame of mind, all experience shows it to be precisely in these that the recluse betrays the morbid influence of an unnatural pressure upon self. Inevitably, self must become more and more to him continually. His mind, narrowed more and more by the exclusion of the world without, centres to a point. His feelings stiffen into cramped and petty ways. The millstones of the mind, for want of being fed with substantial grain, chafe and wear each other out. Every peep we get behind the bars of convent life, every glimpse into the parlours of lonely old maids and the "dens" of what our grandfathers and grandmothers termed "stale" bachelors, tells something suggestive of the utter triviality, the pitiable egotism, of the rayless life of the cell. The truth is, the human mind, as we see it constituted at least, becomes less and less capable of subsisting on

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its own interior capital of thought and feeling. Even the animals who, in the course of nature, support themselves for months upon their own fat come forth from their winter fast sadly the worse for their solitude and hibernation. A very superior man may, indeed, isolate himself, or be involuntarily isolated, from his kind for an indefinite period, on some lofty mission or in the execution of some great but unsuccessful purpose, and come back to the world with the bright eye and unflagging spirit of Sydney Smith from his living in the wilds of Yorkshire, or with the apparently unbroken courage of Silvio Pellico from the dungeons of Spielberg. But it is only a superior mind that can undergo this process without the intellect deteriorating, and the whole faculties of the soul giving way to moth and rust. The mind of a more common order will inevitably vegetate or grow vicious. There is no middle point. *Homo solus aut deus aut demon*. Such a mind will take its tone and hue from the tame and colourless existence around it, and gradually part with all that gives to the character and bearing their light, and grace, and versatile activity. In that contact of soul with soul which exerts, as it were, an electric influence upon the mind, and through the mind is reflected back upon the very countenance, nature seems to have made a provision against that slowly sapping process which condemns the intellect to dulness, the heart to egotism, and the spirit to ennui. It may be owing more to a happy instinct than to any philosophical chain of reasoning that society in later times shows its preference for the social over the solitary tendencies in its ideal of the comfort and well-being of man. An age of club life and of the principle of association has, however, at least added its practical testimony to the soundness of the wise man's maxim—*Vae soli et singulari*.

#### THE TERRORS OF INTELLECT.

THE painful position of a man who detests and dreads intellectual inquiry in an age of active speculation upon all possible subjects is scarcely recognised so sympathetically as it ought to be. It is all very well to talk about the increase of knowledge, and the development of sound methods, and the growth of searching critical principles, but those perverse and concealed persons who are for ever subjecting everything under the sun to rational tests are shamefully inconsiderate of the sufferings which this perpetual seeking after new knowledge inflicts upon a large and highly meritorious class. There is a downright inhumanity in such conduct. No man with a spark of kindness in his heart would think of frightening his little children out of their wits by means of sham ghosts and horrible stories. It is now admitted to be a piece of scandalous cruelty to dress up the broomstick with a sheet, or to write with phosphorus on the wall of a dark room. The most fatal results have constantly followed these mischievous and senseless tricks. Surely it is quite as unfeeling and as mischievous, by corresponding devices, to alarm excellent country clergymen and their admirable wives, and honest country squires, to say nothing of the whole army of timid licensed victuallers. Who can measure the wretchedness which these theological ghosts and terrifying illuminations carry into parsonages and manor-houses where fifty years ago all was confidence and peace? If it is a cruel thing to draw a phosphorus skeleton upon the wall of a child's room, why is it any less cruel to write a book about the Pentateuch or the origin of species, and then publish it, to the infinite perturbation of honest divines whose parishioners do not happen to be Zulus? It is true that, if the child were only a little older and knew a little about the luminous properties of phosphorus, the skeleton would lose all its terrors. And in the same way, if these unfortunate beings in the country had their minds rather more fully developed, and could discern the real properties of thought and inquiry, they would be rapidly released from their hot and angry misery. As it is, the phosphorescent demon of Intellect, with its flaming eyes and outstretched claws and complacent fiery grin, makes their very lives a burden to them. The monster is constantly assuming new and more hideous shapes. At one moment we are told that possibly Moses did not write the book of Genesis, and that some of the figures in Exodus and Leviticus are rather puzzling. With what pleasure can one recite to a faithful congregation of farmers and squires and hinds the chapters about the construction of the tabernacle with its "fifty taches of brass," and "two tenons in one board," and the "knops of the four bowls of the candlestick," when we know that a copy of Dr. Colenso's book is locked up in a drawer of the study-table at home? What becomes of the grand solemnity of the genealogies which in happier days brought such comfort alike to the occupants of the rectory pew and of the free sittings? What solace remains in "that blessed word Mesopotamia," or in Jehoshaphat, or Mahershalalhashbaz? Then the demon quits theology, and changes the guise of a colonial bishop for that of a naturalist. We are asked to believe that men and women are the creatures of natural selection. Granting a modest doubt as to the exact number of people who have the faintest notion either what a species means or what the process of natural selection means, where can we find language strong enough to characterize so venomous a doctrine? It is impossible to foretell the shock which would affect the moral constitution of the patient Hodge or bovine Giles if he were once infected with the suspicion that he is a distant connection of the ox which he tends or the turnip which he digs up. What is the use of giving him ten shillings and a pair of breeches for virtue, if he knows all the time

that he is only a very highly improved kind of lower animal? There really would be no answering for the consequences upon the morality and devoutness of our rural poor if they once got wind of the doctrine of natural selection. The very safest churchwarden might have his faith in Church-rates shaken to its lowest foundations by this revolutionary theory, and the boys in the Sunday-school might cease to pull their forelocks to a rector whose ancestors had had prehensile tails. It really is too bad. People were just beginning to feel pretty comfortable about geology. Religious belief and the practice of virtue have survived the discoveries of strata and the explosion of Archbishop Usher's chronology. Strata are no sooner got over than a new and worse tribulation is brought by tails. Men paid their Church-rates and heard sermons just as willingly when they found the globe was uncounted millions of years old, as when they thought it had been made precisely 4004 B.C. But of course it would be absurdly sanguine to hope that men and women will find religion as needful, as inspiring, and as comforting, if they once think that the differences of species had their origin in a process of natural selection.

It is important to remember how much excuse there is for the terror with which timid folk regard this deadly plague of Intellect. When a man gets considerably past middle age, and has lived all his life among a little narrow circle of people, and read only a handful of books all of the same stamp, and a single newspaper which is also of the same stamp, he is not likely to relish any sort of speculation which travels out of the old grooves. New ideas are to him what a French treaty is to an old Coventry weaver. The treaty is of the greatest service to mankind generally, but to the old weaver it means the disruption of inveterate habits, the breaking up of his home, the dispersion of his family—in short, it means ruin and misery. And to the worthy parson who was presented with his living thirty or forty years ago, and who has passed all that time in the company of his own family and a few dull neighbours, new ideas mean misery too. He has discharged his routine duties faithfully. He has preached the best sermons he could either compose or copy. He has taken care to keep any interesting or improper book out of the book-club. Punctuality at funerals, kindness to all his parishioners, reverence for the archdeacon, and a dignified sense of his own importance, make up the catalogue of his virtues. The whole atmosphere thickens the intellectual cuticle, and he ceases to be sensible of argument, if indeed he ever had any sensibility. It is impossible to blame a man of this sort for his dogged dislike of intellectual activity, any more than we can blame a little child for being afraid of ghosts. Belief in Radical and Atheistic and Scientific spectres, which to men who live in daylight are not visible at all, with him is a condition of existence. It is natural to his age and position. One is certainly bitterly annoyed to see the excellent man journey up to Oxford, and there do his best to prevent a professor from being paid for his professorial work, and it is a little vexatious to think that he and his fellows are powerful enough to bring a reproach on the more educated part of the University who do not deserve the reproach. But we get over the vexation. They cannot help it. Everything that educated men value most these people set down to the spirit of the age, or intellect, or whatever else they call their bugbear, and they preach against it, and vote against it, and abhor it accordingly. They see what intellect brings a man to. It destroys all his peace of mind and comfort about the quantity of taches and tenons and shittim wood in the tabernacle; it draws the charm and solace out of Mesopotamia; it makes him believe in an ancestral tail. Can we wonder, then, that those who think all this should hate an agency which thus blights man's present and so narrowly endangers his future, and that, whenever they catch a glimpse of anything like an intellect actively and honestly at work, they should set their faces sternly and dead against it? Nay, rather let us respectfully sympathize with these much-tried souls, and admire the energetic and simple fervour of the man who exclaimed, "Well, I thank God I always have voted against that d—d intellect, and I always shall."

But the Liberal aristocracy, as well as the Conservative clergy, seem to look upon intellect and education as thoroughly undesirable things. The exhibition of himself which Lord Uffington was good enough to make for the benefit of the electors of Berkshire, though utterly different in its accidents, is in its essence much the same as the exhibition made by the rural Masters of Arts. Lord Uffington and Archdeacon Denison practically agree in treating intellect as a mistake in political transactions. If the former had only been a Master of Arts and a Tory, he would have been a much more suitable candidate than Mr. Hardy. His display might have convinced the sturdiest enemy of intellect that here at least was a man after his own heart. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am in favour of the Government that have governed this country for the last six years, and am of opinion—I am of opinion—should be upheld." At this point the noble orator looked steadily into his hat, and a spectator ventured on the very apposite remark—"You've got more in your 'at than you have in your 'ed, guv'nor." After another word or two, the invitations to bring the piece of paper out of the hat were too loud to be resisted, and the candidate complied, with the explanatory words, "It's all very fine; if you think it an easy thing, just you come up and try." He then went on to say that, "as to America, the Conservatives evidently wanted to fight with the Southern States"; and amid the roars which this remarkable statement produced somebody took the occasion to ask his Lordship, "Who's your

hatter?" to which the undaunted candidate replied with the inimitable repartee, "Who's yours?" The noise having been quelled by such wit as this, Lord Uffington declared his intention of "supporting the present *Parliament*, and hoped they would do the same." Then, after renewed convulsions, there was a considerable pause, during which some of his friends, obeying the voice of the crowd to "help the poor young man," had vainly tried to give him an idea or two. The "poor young man" frankly said, "I don't care—I don't want to speak." Somebody suggested, "Give us a song then, guv'nor." Once more refreshed by his backers, he began about the French Treaty—"one of the best things out—ever so long, for the last, I should say, hundred years." This sentence, we are told, "was brought out in such a hesitating manner, a word at a time, that it produced shouts of laughter." The treaty, the candidate proceeded, "not only preserved peace with the two nations, but developed, developed—" At this point he turned round to his friends and inquired "What is it?" amid loud and prolonged shouts. "Well, gentlemen," he concluded, "I'm not a speaker, but I intend to vote straight." Mr. Bouverie had introduced this extraordinary person with the assurance that "he was thorough-bred, with no hair about his legs." It is sincerely to be hoped that the thorough-bred will some day win a seat in the House. All minorities ought to be represented, it is said, and there is a huge minority of people who tremble at the mention of intellect, and hate a man who is always educating himself. This admirable body may congratulate itself on having, as it were by a special providence, had so suitable a representative brought under its notice. No slight political difference about Liberalism or Conservatism need stand in the way. The sacred interests of ignorance and stupidity override mere political considerations.

#### CONSPIRATORS UNMASKED.

MORALISTS and theologians alike tell us of the immense importance of giving a right direction to excited feelings; and there is one feature in the licensed victualling system of this country which, viewed in this light, is calculated to afford the highest satisfaction to every reflecting and religious mind. It is well known that the consumption of spirituous liquors is apt occasionally to result in an unusual elevation of sentiment, and if the subjects of this mental exaltation had nothing better to occupy their thoughts than the conversation of those around them, or the merely secular information which can be gained from an ordinary newspaper, it is obvious that an invaluable opportunity would be lost of turning to good account an exceptional sensitiveness to emotion. Fortunately, however, this most important field of moral usefulness has not been suffered to lie fallow. The frequenters of the public-house may find ample satisfaction for their religious cravings without leaving the premises. There, when their hearts are warmed and their intellects gently stimulated by the cordials of which they have been partaking, they meet with a teacher ready to dispense theological instruction in the form best suited to the needs of the passing day, to guard them alike from the insidious approaches of Rome or the open onslaughts of Rationalism, and to take care that, if they will but listen to his counsel, they shall be forewarned, and consequently forearmed. This, if we understand it aright, is the mission of the *Morning Advertiser*, and all who take an interest in the spiritual advancement of the people may feel thankful that so pure and satisfying a form of religious teaching should be brought within the reach of every man who can afford himself a pint of beer. The poor have the Gospel preached to them; the pot-house has its Protestantism on draught.

Our present object, however, is not so much to congratulate the drinking community on the possession of an organ so exactly suited to its wants, as to profit by a most serious and momentous warning of coming, nay of present, danger which the journal in question has found it necessary to utter in the course of the present week. Anxiety is surely excusable when we learn that "the history of the world, both ancient and modern, in so far as it is known, cannot furnish us with a precedent to the audacious and barefaced conspiracy which has been concocted at Rome, and is now carried out in England by Rome's servile tools, for the subjugation of this free and Protestant people under the debasing yoke of Popery." What especially strikes us in this appalling announcement is the caution which the writer displays not to overstate his facts. Deeply read as he evidently is in the history of all nations, he is nevertheless aware that there are many sources of information still left unexplored, and therefore he guards himself by the proviso "in so far as it is known." A trait like this gives a reader unusual confidence in his author, and we pass on, after recognising it, better prepared to accept without reserve whatever further details may be in store for us. It is not, however, the conspiracy itself which now stirs the *Advertiser's* indignation. Doubtless that is formidable enough, but then it is of long standing, and the greatest dangers come to be less regarded in proportion as we grow familiar with their aspect. It is the "mode of action through which it is now being developed" which is so especially revolting "to the intellect and to the feelings of an intelligent and high-minded nation." It appears that the emissaries of Rome do not even pay Englishmen the compliment of acting their part cleverly. They treat us as beings "entirely devoid of intelligence." Their arguments are "in-

sulting to our understanding," as well as "totally subversive of the palpable evidence of facts." And what makes this method of treatment the more irritating is that it is carried on in the presence of the entire *corps diplomatique*. Little does an unthinking public know of what goes on at a levée or a drawing-room. They read next day that the diplomatic circle was attended by this or that Foreign Minister, and perhaps they think of these functionaries as merely exchanging words of course with their acquaintances, or wishing themselves in some cooler neighbourhood. The *Morning Advertiser* is better informed. On these occasions "the Queen's throne is surrounded by a host of lynx-eyed ambassadors smiling at the gross mystifications attempted to be practised on this great people, and at the national degradation expected to follow from it."

What, then, are the agencies which are thus openly directed against the faith of Englishmen? They are of two classes—churches and sisterhoods. There are no less than one hundred and ten "places of worship acknowledging the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and forming part of the Establishment, in which Popery is openly professed." We hope that we are fully conscious of the risk we run in differing from so well-informed a writer, yet we cannot but think that if his statement is correct—and it certainly cannot be otherwise, for he gives his authorities, "our own observation" and the Marquis of Westmeath—he is unnecessarily severe upon the barefaced character of the scheme. We should rather say that in many of these hundred and ten London churches the Popery is so well concealed that even a "lynx-eyed ambassador" might have a difficulty in ferreting it out. We admit, of course, that there are certain indications of danger which every one can understand in a moment. When we come across vestments or incense, candles or flowers, musical services or unappropriated seats, we know where we are; we can lay our finger on the plague-spot, and say—this is Popery! But amongst these hundred and ten churches there must be many—nay, we should rather say there must be a majority—into which these unclean things have never entered. How, then, is the unlearned worshipper to know when he is being led astray? He sits through the service fully believing that everything is going right, and then perhaps the very next day he hears that this is one of the churches in which "Popery is openly professed." Now this is not a risk to which any right-minded Protestant can be justified in wilfully exposing himself; and therefore we do not hesitate to say that in these dangerous times the only course to be adopted is to stay away from church altogether. But here we are brought face to face with another Romish wile, which an innate sense of modesty probably prevented the *Advertiser* from unmasking. Prevented from going to church by the spiritual perils attendant thereupon, the sincere Christian naturally looks out for the best substitute he can meet with; and where, it may be fairly asked, will he find a lay sermon more suited to his spiritual palate than in the columns of the *Advertiser* itself? Alas! the arts of Rome have deluded a Protestant Legislature into closing the public-houses during the hours of divine service, so that for that space at least, in every seventh day, Popery has the field to itself. From eleven to one, from three to five, the poison may be freely distributed in each one of the hundred and ten churches; but the antidote is hermetically sealed up the while, and the *Advertiser*, instead of sowing the seed of truth broadcast among a throng of customers, is condemned to lie unread on the table of each deserted tavern. In the matter of Sisterhoods, too, the signs of treachery in the camp are equally startling. "An assembly, in which several titled individuals, male and female, conspicuously figure," has recently been "convened at Brompton to patronize the 'Sisterhood of St. Peter';" and "among the promoters of that monastic institution, Mrs. Tait, the Bishop of London's wife, who was present at the Puseyite meeting, is said by the Roman Catholics"—the very best authorities, of course, in these matters—"to be not the least zealous." Does not this show that Queen Elizabeth's dislike to the marriage of bishops, for which ignorant or designing critics have so often blamed or ridiculed her, is to be traced to no less worthy a source than the prescience of her Protestant instinct?

Into the particulars of this latest form of mischief we have felt it our duty to make some inquiry, and here, again, we are forced to say that the essence of the danger lies mainly in its excessive subtlety. A nun going about in a black bonnet and a serge gown is a disgusting and repulsive object to the mind of any serious Protestant; but just for this very reason he undergoes no peril in meeting her. The worst inconvenience which can befall him is the being driven, in the bitterness of his soul, to cross over the road or to turn up a by-street whenever he sees her coming. If, therefore, the "Sisterhood of St. Peter's" kept all its emissaries under lock and key, or even forced them to wear a distinctive dress, we should have little fear for the result; but the really formidable feature in the organization is the existence of certain "associates," who are allowed to live at home with their families, and thus let loose upon the world to do their utmost towards corrupting the innocent youths and maidens who are taking their pleasure therein. To further this deception, these "servile tools" of Rome are encouraged to ape the thoroughly Protestant practice of district visiting; and we are given to understand that they may be frequently seen discharging this function, though not unfortunately on any fixed days, clad, for the better concealment of their designs, in the hat or bonnet, the cloak or shawl, of every-day Protestant life. Nor can these associates be avoided merely by keeping away from the neighbour-

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hood of Brompton. They may be encountered at balls or concerts, without the deluded victim of their machinations being at all aware of the peril in which he is placed by the contact. No one can feel secure against meeting them in ordinary society; and it is a thought which may well wring the heart of any Christian parent, that his son, though nurtured on the soundest and most exclusive principles, may have been dancing with them during the past season, and at this very moment be playing croquet with them on country lawns, or climbing Swiss mountains in their company. Nor can he even console himself with the reflection that the mischief can go no further. This insidious order is bound by no vows of celibacy, and its members may possibly find in their victims' desire to enter into matrimonial relations with them a most powerful engine of proselytism. Altogether we are carried back to the days when we read *Le Juif Errant* and thrilled beneath the gifted author's description of the ubiquitous Jesuit of the short robe. But even the imagination of M. Eugène Sue never conceived a Jesuit in crinoline and a train. What measures, legislative or social, ought to be taken to counteract this new and formidable engine of evil it is not for us to say. That we leave to the decision of the appointed guardians of the religion and liberties of Englishmen. But we trust that a Protestant press will not relax its praiseworthy vigilance, nor allow the indifference of a too apathetic public to discourage it in its search after mares' nests.

#### ALPINE DISASTER.

NEWS seldom comes so sad, and at the same time so startling, as that which came last week from Switzerland. At one and the same moment, it was announced that nature had been conquered in her most stubborn citadel, and that in the very instant of defeat she had struck one last and fatal blow. We were told at once that the word "inaccessible" existed no longer for mountaineers, and that a new and terrible significance was now given to "danger." Death in the very hour of victory is a thing to which, on a larger stage, we have not been unfamiliar this year; but in tragic completeness nothing can surpass the disaster of the fatal snow-slope. The crown of Alpine climbing had just been won; daring, ingenuity, prudence, strength, had had their reward at last; the achievement long waited for, long hoped for, long dreamed of, was no more a thing of the future. Nothing was wanting to perfect the triumph of the moment, or the cruel irony with which, as an Athenian dramatist would have said, Fate waits upon the ways of men. Four out of seven perished—a good guide, placed by this exploit at the head of his calling; two young Englishmen, almost boys, both promising mountaineers; and one, the best, the bravest, the stoutest of foot of all the Alpine brotherhood. Mr. Hudson was a man who seemed to attract regard and affection almost by his very presence. He had rare physical powers, especially those of endurance, and great intelligence and versatility of mind; and he was so kind and gentle a companion, so genial, so candid, with a love of pleasure not over-boisterous, and religious feelings not ostentatious though most profound, that no one of the many climbers of the Alps was more popular as a comrade or valued as a friend.

It would be hard to convey to any one who had not himself walked and climbed in Switzerland an idea of the romance which of late years has gathered round the one virgin peak which towers over Zermatt. One by one, as guides grew bolder and Englishmen more sure-footed, the giants of the Alps were conquered. Every year the published list of the hitherto unscaled peaks grew smaller, and less was left for enterprise. Some fresh summit each season found an alpenstock planted where wood and iron had never been before. A nervous feeling began to be spread abroad that Switzerland was exhausted for purposes of new adventure, and that the coming years had but little credit to gain. But one stupendous crest resisted every attack. The Matterhorn, the Mont Cervin of the Italian valleys, seemed alone really invincible. To the eye of an ordinary traveller the idea of scaling it would appear almost to border on insanity, and even the practised climber almost shuddered as he looked at the sheer precipices and broken crags which build it up five thousand feet above the glacier level. Tyndall and Hawkins had tried it, and had been beaten back. Whymper had laid regular siege to it for an autumn, and spent some weeks in the surgeon's hands as the penalty of a terrible fall. Tyndall once more had tried, and, near the summit, a barrier of perpendicular rock had hopelessly blocked the way. Still it drew towards itself the crowd of mountaineers, by the mere prestige of its invincibility. Bold climbers who meant to try it in a future year hoped in their heart of hearts that it might hold out another summer yet, and give them a chance of being the first. Neophytes on ice and rock, while mounting to the Riffelberg or the Hörnli, wondered whether even for them, some day or other, the great prize might yet be reserved. No pedestrian, strong or weak, but knew the majestic outline by heart, and wondered on which side it could be best tried, and debated with himself the chances. Meanwhile, doubt was stronger with most men than hope, and there were few who did not believe—some even who half enjoyed the belief—that the Matterhorn tower was impregnable.

The Matterhorn is a steep obelisk of rock which rises from the main chain of the Pennine Alps to a height of nearly 15,000 feet above the sea level. Though part of a mountain chain, it stands up abruptly from the snow-fields of which the rest of the chain near to it is composed, and the spurs on which it seems to rest do

not lie exactly in the direction of the range itself. Three gigantic buttresses project from the mountain; or, rather, the pyramidal shape which, roughly speaking, it may be said to take, marks itself out by three chief ridges or arêtes of precipitous rock. One of them leads towards the Dent Blanche in a north-westerly direction, and is the steepest and most hopeless of all. A second abuts on the Hörnli, a bold bluff of rock at the corner of the Zmutt glacier, which, as is well known, runs from west to east on the north side of the Matterhorn, towards the Zermatt valley. The Hörnli arête, then, as it is generally called, is towards the north-east. One still remains, on the west or south-west side, called from Breuil, a little village from which the ascent, if made on that side, must be begun. The chief difficulty on the Hörnli side is, that at one portion of the ridge the face of the mountain appears to become absolutely perpendicular; and though it may be conceivable that a good mountaineer should climb up the middle of a church-roof if tilted up at any reasonable angle, it becomes a serious matter to do so when the roof in question approaches the tower at an elevation of little short of 90 degrees, and is made of crumbling rock glazed over with ice. The Breuil arête, accordingly, is that by which the chief attempts have hitherto been made, and it must have been in despair of succeeding on this side that Mr. Whymper and Mr. Hudson on this last occasion decided on trying the eastern and less inviting ridge. At present we have no details of the ascent, except that the party slept on the Hörnli rocks, and on the next morning, at about four o'clock, started for the climb of 5,000 feet. In default of particulars, we conjecture that they must have kept to the ridge for the greater part of the ascent, diverging to the left or Théodule side whenever an insuperable obstacle presented itself. At all events, ten hours brought them to the summit. One pictures the unbounded delight of that half-hour—the sense of difficulties overcome, the glory of success where others had failed, the knowledge that fame had from that moment begun for them. All their lives they would remember, and others would remember too, that they first set foot on the proudest summit, the hardest, the most perilous, of the Alps. One Englishman only remains who can say so now, and we congratulate him on a success honourably won, though made terrible by the associations of the day. In reading the narrative of the accident, the chief question which suggests itself is with regard to the "slope of snow and rock." Where can the party have found such a slope near the summit? Nothing but sheer rock is to be seen from Zermatt and the Riffel, and it is difficult to conceive how they can have met with even a *coulloir* of snow on a peak so steep and bare. Which of them it was whose foot slipped at the fatal moment can never be known. An interval of about five yards is generally allowed between each two men when a number are roped together, and the first two would thus have been some little way in front of the rest. Croz, the guide, and Mr. Hadow, who came next to him, were seen to have lost their footing. In such a case, each member of the party at once strikes his axe or alpenstock into the snow, and stands as firmly as he can; and in nine cases out of ten a good mountaineer will be able to arrest the fall of his comrade with little difficulty. But the difficulty becomes greater in proportion to the steepness of the slope; and nothing gives the climber a more painful sense of helplessness than to feel how at once, on slipping, he shoots downwards without time to speak, or hardly indeed to think, till the friendly rope tightens round his waist and he feels again the delight of being saved. The question of roping or not roping is always a fertile source of discussion in the Alps. Hundreds of cases occur every season—we had almost said every day—in which the rope saves a life. The only question is whether it does not save it by imperilling the lives of all. On a simple *névé* or a moderate ice-slope there can be no doubt of its utility, and the same may be said of an ordinary arête of rock; but in situations of great danger, or on a rock face, it must often be the best thing to let each man take his chance. In this case we can have but little doubt that the badness of the rope saved the lives of the remaining three of the party. The weight of four falling men, coming as it would with a sudden shock, would be more than any man could well withstand where there was nothing to maintain the hold but some steps cut in a steep incline of ice.

The second accident, which followed within a few days on the opposite side of the valley, is as sad as the first, even if it has not its dramatic colouring. It seems as if the Nemesis of the Alps had taken two of the noblest victims it could seize. Mr. Wilson had attained but a few years ago to high University honours, and had spent a little more than a year as a master at Rugby. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he had passed through both with signal credit as a scholar, and in perfect blamelessness of life. He was singularly cheerful in character, and a man of strong and vigorous ideas; and there can be little doubt that he would have made a name for himself if he had lived, either in the profession which he had adopted or in some other which allowed of a more brilliant and public success. The nature of the accident is obscure. The Riffelhorn is a small pinnacle of rock overlooking the Gorner glacier as it sweeps round from the base of Monte Rosa down into the valley of Zermatt. It is not to be mounted without a little trouble, but at the same time it presents no serious dangers to a good climber. To make any ascent without companions is unwise; but against a sudden slip, such as Mr. Wilson must have made while he was probably amusing himself by climbing a short distance towards the summit, no companion would have been of any avail. The accident is of a kind which seldom happens, and

which might have happened as well in the English Lake country as under the shadow of Monte Rosa; and a fatal blow on the head was unhappily the result of a mischance of which the consequence more naturally to be expected would have been the breaking of an arm or leg.

These accidents will cast a gloom over all mountaineering for many days to come. Ascents will be made as before, and the few remaining peaks will soon give way, if indeed there are any of importance that remain. Not improbably the Matterhorn itself will be again assailed, with fresh experience, and we will hope with a happier result. The season hitherto has been fairly good; the Aiguille Verte has been scaled by Mr. Whymper, the Gabelhorn by Mr. Moore, and a number of new passes and peaks have been accomplished by Mr. Tuckett. There will probably be no pause in the zeal of enthusiasts, in spite of what has happened, though we may hope that there will be more discretion mixed with it. But henceforward, for some time at least, the fun of the Alps is gone. The laugh will be less loud in the parlour of the Eggischhorn; the merriment round the fire of the "Mont Rose" will be sobered by the thought of what lies on the snow-fields above. Friends can no longer meet and part with light banter about accident and death. And yet, after all, the danger is but the same as it was. No one ever crossed a difficult ice-slope, or clung to a treacherous foothold on a ledge of rocks, or hurried across the pathway of falling stones, without knowing that in some small—generally some very small—degree he risked his life in doing so. Danger means simply that the chances of death bear some sensible proportion to those of safety; and when, on one unhappy day, the single chance on the side of death has shown itself, it would be unmanly to shrink from the labour and pleasure of Alpine travelling because that which was anticipated has happened. Whether it is right ever to incur voluntary danger is a separate question, and one that is not wholly to be settled by the first processes of logical argument that suggest themselves. When it is thoroughly ascertained that more harm comes to the world from venturesomeness than arises from cowardice and indolence, it will be time to place caution at the head of the masculine virtues. All that is now to be said is that such men as Mr. Hudson and his friends deliberately thought that the excitement and triumph of the ascent they undertook was worth a risk which long and varied experience had shown to be extremely small. The risk was taken, and the one chance out of many turned against them. The sorrow that we deeply feel at their loss shall, till fresh experience has changed our English views of danger, be unmixed by a word of blame.

#### THE PRIVY COUNCIL AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

COMMENDABLE forethought and diligence have for once been exercised by the Privy Council in issuing instructions for the prevention of infectious diseases, as well as for special precautions to prevent the introduction of cholera at the outports. The Registrar-General's Report for last week contains one ominous entry of a case of "Asiatic cholera" in the Westminster workhouse; and there are six other deaths reported in London, of what is variously and perhaps euphemistically styled "cholera," "choleraic diarrhoea," "English cholera," and "premonitory diarrhoea." In Egypt the true cholera has been raging, and it has certainly touched Italy. Although the fears which were at first entertained of the introduction of the Russian epidemic have, with the contagion itself, subsided, there is nothing at all promising in the state of the weather. Unusual heat, little tempered with showers, and an atmospheric condition with a strong tendency to promote putrefaction, are not the precise conditions which we should select for grappling with the scourge of pestilence; and as far as London is concerned, there is no more to reassure than perhaps there is to alarm the public mind, when we compare our present resources against the attacks of a formidable epidemic with those which we possessed at its last outbreak. Foremost among the consoling considerations is the fact that the Thames is already partially restored to its ancient and natural use of a disinfectant, rather than an enemy of the public health. Yet the Embankment works at the present moment present a huge stagnant lake of semi-liquid mud which is neither more nor less than a reservoir of pestilential miasma in the very heart of the population. We may hope, however, that education has done something in forcing the simplest lessons of sanitary morality on some portion of the poorer classes. The Common Lodging Houses Act must have done a good deal towards destroying the foulest seeds of disease. Baths and washhouses, public fountains, the increased attention given to the markets, and the vigilance of the inspectors of meat, fish, and vegetables, must all be placed on the credit side. But, on the other hand, while it is undeniable that the railways either made or in progress in London have been generally carried through the most densely populated and the poorest quarters, and so far have been a benefit, yet it may be questioned whether this gain has not been more than balanced by overcrowding elsewhere. The present extravagant price of the most nutritious food has, of course, a direct tendency to predispose the impoverished classes to infection; whilst the mere numerical increase of the population, with the corresponding increase of animal life other than human, gives less—and, it must be added, less wholesome—air to every single inhabitant of this multitudinous hive. On the whole, it may perhaps be pronounced that, though we are not worse equipped than on former occasions to meet the enemy whose advance we trust may be averted,

still we are not so well prepared as to be justified in omitting additional and anxious precautions.

And here we may perhaps regret that the Privy Council has only been advised to reissue the same instructions which were prepared when the cholera was at Hamburg in 1859. Like the formal proclamations against vice and immorality, these re-cripts are apt to be regarded as mere matters of official routine if they take a monotonous and stereotyped form. It may reasonably be supposed that six years have added something to our sanitary, as well as to our medical, knowledge; but when we find diphtheria, the rarest of diseases in its true form, singled out as an ordinary epidemic like diarrhoea, we cannot but wish that the old paper of 1859 had been subjected to scientific revision. We can quite believe, also, that a more popular form of instruction would have been more suitable to these times. No doubt it is in the power of local authorities to supplement the scientific and somewhat vague Memorandum which has been issued from Downing Street to the Worshipful the Mayors, but the Memorandum itself might have been more *ad populum*. Nor is the actual and necessary information brought down to the present day. We have entered upon the twenty-ninth year of Her present Majesty's reign, and the Memorandum issued on Saturday calls attention to the principal sanitary Acts, but the latest which it specifies is the Act of 23 Victoria. That is to say, the Privy Council of 1865 have not posted themselves up with the information which they pretend to convey, but are actually six years in arrear of present facts and present necessities. The Lord President has done something, to be sure; but that something is merely to order the reprint of a stale, and in some respects obsolete, document six years old. Earl Granville is not the most otiose of our Ministers; but the soft and narcotic vapours from the Sleepy Hollow of the Home Office, and the contagious example of Sir George Grey, have propagated an epidemic of Ministerial idleness. Whitehall is infected from the heaps of decaying official life accumulated in Downing Street.

That such a document as that upon which we are commenting should at this time of day be necessary—nay, that our main objection to it, that it is not precise and full enough, can with any show of reason be put forward—is a sufficiently humiliating consideration. There is not one of the suggestions or warnings of 1859 which is now out of place; indeed, fresh suggestions and more imperative hints are required. First among the predisposing causes of infection—that is, first in importance, as forming the prolific bed in which the seeds of disease are propagated—the Memorandum adverts vaguely to "accumulations of house refuse, and of decaying animal and vegetable matter." Most respectable London housekeepers will think that this does not apply to them. The whiff of a distant dunghill at a cottager's door, or of a village laystall, is perhaps suggested; but that is all. It never occurs to us that in nine houses out of ten in London we carefully hoard up every abomination of house refuse—fish offal, vegetable refuse, half-putrid bones, and the like—and stow it away neatly in an open ash-pit close to the dining-room windows, and under the area steps. Whether this festering abomination is removed every week, or every month, or every quarter, who knows? It is left to the servants, and the servants must watch for the dustman, who comes when it pleases him, and levies black mail in the shape of beer and shillings for removing it at all. No doubt there are parish contractors bound to collect the dust; and if your dust is not collected you may write to the Vestry Clerk, and there are all manner of fines ready in *terrorum*. But, practically, all this does not answer. It is a chronic difficulty with all householders to get rid of the ordinary house dirt. The private dust-bin is the most fruitful source of disease in great towns. To this may be attributed the unaccountable lassitude, the tendency to sickness, the loss of appetite—in a word, the whole of that lowered form of vitality which characterizes London life. Half the people of London are in a state of inchoate typhoid fever, and they have to thank their dust-bins for much of it. The Paris practice of compelling every householder to hand out into the open street the day's refuse, and of compelling the scavengers to sweep the streets every day, or rather every night, is an immense advance on London. Then, as to London streets and London dust, how often are the streets swept? We are told that London dust is destructive of property; but we are not reminded of the effect produced upon the lungs by the daily administration of that compound of minute particles of granite and rotten horse dung which enters so largely into London air. The memorandum of the Privy Council specifies the soakage of house drainage into the soil. We have none of this in London; but we have, what is infinitely worse, the imperceptible soakage into the soil of the escape of the gas pipes. Take up a spadeful of the surface earth of any London street, and you will find a fat, black, unctuous mass which is saturated with gas. The exhalations of this earth are what we breathe in London. But then, it will be said, the sewerage is perfect; the arterial and venous circulation of foul water is complete. It is; but, as though anxious not to part with unsavoury superfluities on terms too easy, we take care to have plenty of open gully-holes and ventilating shafts in order that Cloacina shall still vindicate her presence by her heavenly odour—

Divina incessu patuit dea . . .

and as she traverses her subterranean kingdom she takes care to send up the elements of disease and death into every street. The first necessary of private life, the Privy Council assures us, is pure water; and therefore the law permits the people of Kingston,



under public authority, to pollute by wholesale the metropolitan river. And not only are the air we breathe and the water we drink surcharged with poisons, but in the matter of food our sanitary work is only half done. We take credit, not perhaps unjustly, for the care bestowed on our markets. The City authorities publish periodical statements of the quantity of unwholesome meat, stinking fish, and questionable crustaceæ destroyed in Newgate Street and Billingsgate. But there are no inspectors of retail shops. It is quite possible for meat to become carrion after it passes out of the wholesale market, and there is no sanitary inspector to step in between the retail fishmonger and the poor consumer. A case is now pending in Devonshire, in which the question is whether a whole family has been poisoned by aconite or by a putrid rabbit, and the medical authorities admit that the symptoms are similar, and that the results may be identical. It is notorious that much of the cheap food—cheap meat, cheap vegetables, and cheap fish—sold in the low places of London is prejudicial to human life; and nothing so much and so forcibly conduces to that condition in which cholera finds its victims as unwholesome and tainted food. But we are not aware that there is even an attempt to regulate the wholesomeness of the food sold by retail in London. Admitting to the full the fact that private householders and the public generally neglect the most ordinary precautions against epidemic disease, and that the warnings given in the Memorandum prove us to be a dirty and careless generation—and admitting, moreover, that a great deal, perhaps most, of what is necessary in the way of prevention must be left to private good sense and good feeling—still we have not all the protection which we ought to have from the Government. We do not ask for domiciliary inspectors to see that we throw the house refuse, the cabbage stalks, fish bones, and potato parings, behind the kitchen fire—a simple process which would get rid of half the existing elements of London disease; we do not want a new Act to provide that sinks and drains shall be trapped; but we do ask that existing Acts—for example, the Smoke Prevention Act—should not be, as they are, a dead letter. We do ask that “local authorities” should be compelled, as they are not, to sweep every street, and to remove all house refuse, not when contractors please, but every day. As for bad ventilation and in-doors dirt and personal uncleanness, the vices of the poor, it must be left to the poor to learn the consequences of them. The Privy Council lectures us soundly enough on these topics; but there are many and more serious centres and nests of pestilence which only public authority can deal with, and over which official vigilance sleeps.

#### VOTING-PAPERS.

LIKE many an innocent experimentalist, whose scientific researches have resulted in blowing off his hand or setting fire to his house, Mr. Dodson was probably little aware, when he introduced his system of voting-papers, of the mischief he was doing. To afford to the voter the utmost facilities for the exercise of the franchise has undoubtedly a very plausible sound; but what is done without effort is often done without thought, and is subject to influences from which a more deliberate act would be exempt. Mr. Dodson's Bill, while thoroughly well meant, has really had the effect of calling into action the most undesirable elements in a University election. Though he and other Liberal members of Parliament seem to have been ignorant of the fact, the real life and hope of Oxford is in the resident teachers. The Oxford resident is no longer the cloistered recluse of the middle ages, or the port-wine-imbibing *habitué* of the Common-room who figures in popular novels. He mixes freely with the world, devotes a fair, perhaps too large, share of his time to the study of modern literature and the assimilation of modern thought, and generally prides himself on being *en courant* with the latest speculations. In fact there is no society in which a larger amount of educated liberalism would be found than in the Common-room of a good College in Oxford. The faults of the typical Oxford Fellow are rather want of depth than want of breadth, want of concentrated attention than want of wide sympathies or general interests. But, whatever may be its effects on literature, the existence of such a temper as this is peculiarly favourable to the development of political speculation, and accordingly we find few places in which political theories absorb so much attention as in Oxford. Now Mr. Dodson's Bill abolishes all the ascendancy which might be advantageously exercised by a body like this, and places the most ignorant and self-sufficient curate in Cornwall or Northumberland on a level with the most accomplished Professor in the University. The consequence is that, as Oxford herself is gradually advancing, her Parliamentary constituency becomes more hopelessly retrograde. Formerly, the Oxford and London—that is, speaking generally, the most intelligent—portion of the constituency, together with past Fellows of Colleges who were glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of revisiting Oxford, exercised an all but decisive influence on the contest; now, a man who lives five hundred miles away from Oxford, and who has not visited it for fifty years, may vote as easily as a resident. Besides, a voter felt a natural delicacy in coming up to vote against the opinion of his College, and of those who were more immediately interested in the welfare of the University. In a contest like the last, where the opinion of the residents, and especially of the more eminent residents, was so decisive, it is

perhaps not too much to say that this feeling alone might have altered the issue. The influences likely in future to be brought to bear upon an outlying elector who is hesitating about his vote are not those of his College, or of the few residents whom he may remember in the University, but of the neighbouring squires and the clerical faction dominant in his rural deanery. He does not feel that, before he records his vote, he may have to defend it amongst his old friends in the University by such arguments as he can muster, and that the tone which he will find prevalent in Oxford may be very different from that to which he is accustomed at home; he has simply to sign a voting-paper, and there all responsibility and reflection end. The voting-paper system thus distinctly favours local, at the expense of academical, influence; it strengthens the clerical and squirearchical elements of the constituency at the expense of the literary and educational. It labours also under two other very grave defects. It has a tendency to weaken the sense of responsibility in the voter, and it confers a fatal facility of exercising the franchise on those who are really indifferent to it, and who therefore, if they vote at all, will vote for personal and local rather than general or political reasons.

The working of the voting-paper system in detail is also not very encouraging. In the first place, it considerably increases the time and trouble of taking the votes. The reading, examining, and recording of a single voting-paper, even if unobjectionable, takes up at least as much time as the tendering of half a dozen personal votes. At Oxford, it necessitated the opening of three polling-places instead of one, and the appointment of five returning officers in addition to the Vice-Chancellor, who, by occasionally adjourning the poll, was formerly able to conduct the election alone. But the most serious of the practical inconveniences caused by the voting-papers was the number of captious and frivolous objections to which they gave rise. During the first day, almost every third paper was objected to on the ground of some informality. For this both parties were to blame, but the game was certainly begun by the lawyers on Mr. Hardy's side, and most pertinaciously they adhered to it throughout the contest. The returning officers, having little knowledge of law themselves, and being badgered by lawyers on both sides of the House, were of course in a most piteous condition. Had they only exercised their common sense, instead of vainly attempting to decide what was law, their decisions would have been of a far more uniform and satisfactory character. As it was, the decisions arrived at in the various polling-places were often diametrically opposite; and, in one court at least, the deputy even refused to be guided by the decisions of his principal sitting in the same court. The Vice-Chancellor himself was, as he is on all occasions, most courteous, most fair, and most desirous of arriving at correct conclusions; but it can hardly be asserted that all his colleagues showed an equal exemption from the influence of theological and political prejudice, though every one of them doubtless desired to act impartially. There can certainly be no doubt how a Committee of the House of Commons would have dealt with some of the decisions which were pronounced, had a scrutiny been necessary.

There are cases peculiar to University elections, and of which three or four occurred on this occasion, where the voting-paper system is simply a bar to substantial justice. A voting-paper, say, is objected to on the ground that the voter is no longer on the books of his College, and therefore is not an elector at all. Now, if the vote were tendered in person, the returning officer might put the question—“Have you any reason to suppose that your name has been removed from the books of your College?” and the reply would probably settle the matter at once. But, when a voting-paper is tendered, the presenter can probably give no reply to the question; the proof is not forthcoming at the instant, as it is of course impossible to keep the butler of every College in constant attendance at the polling-place; the vote is accepted, and the objectors have the pleasure of discovering, in a few minutes, that their objections might have been sustained and the vote rejected. Such a miscarriage of justice might of course be prevented by an authorized and accessible Register of Convocation, and it is much to be desired that before another Parliamentary election such a document may be provided. At present, the Vice-Chancellor and each of his five assessors sit in the capacity of revising barristers as well as of returning officers, and that during the very course of the election itself.

The experience of the Universities is certainly not in favour of extending the system of voting-papers to boroughs and counties. If an elector has genuine political interests, he may fairly be required to give his vote in person. In borough or county elections there would also be great risk of forgery or falsification, and, wherever votes ran closely, an election would be certain to be disputed, raising hosts of questions which never occur under the existing system. But Parliament is hardly likely to extend the experiment. Is there any hope that the failure may be confessed in the case of the Universities, and the system abolished? If not, it may at least be amended in some important particulars. In the first place, the attestation by an ordinary witness would answer all the purposes of the Act as well as attestation by a justice of the peace, and would at once remove several of the technical objections which were raised during the late election. Or, if attestation by a justice be still required, all magistrates ought to be compelled, on proper application, to perform the act. Two justices of the peace, it is said, were so forgetful of the duties of their office during the late election as to refuse to attest any papers on behalf of Mr. Gladstone. Secondly, it is not easy to see why a

voter should not be allowed to sign his voting-paper on the Continent, as well as in the United Kingdom. And thirdly, why should the presenter be required to say that the voter is personally known to him? Surely it would be far more to the purpose if he were required to state that he knew the voter to have his name on the books of his College, and to be in every way qualified to act as an elector.

The objections of principle are, however, far more important than those of detail. This system distinctly subordinates the intelligent and thoughtful portion of the constituency to the ignorant, prejudiced, and indifferent. The introduction of voting-papers has probably contributed largely to that blow which the Carlton Club has at last succeeded in dealing to the University. Let Mr. Dodson do penance in dust and ashes, and let him take the first opportunity, with all due humility, of imploring the new House of Commons to undo the mischief which the last enabled him unwittingly to perpetrate.

#### BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

IT is impossible to hear without a sigh of the destruction of Barnum's Museum. Many of the inestimable treasures collected by the spirited proprietor had already passed into oblivion. The few wonders which still appealed to the curiosity of New York were mere remainder biscuits after the feast. They were to those great strokes of genius by which Barnum won his name what *Paradise Regained* was to *Paradise Lost*, or what *Our Mutual Friend* is to *Pickwick*. The giantess who was nearly smothered in the flames may have had great intrinsic merits; but it is not the vulgar height or weight which makes the merit of a giantess, but the poetic halo of puffery with which her proprietor surrounds her. The giantess may, for anything we know, have been a female Goliath; but in the fact that her fame had never crossed the Atlantic we see the failing hand of the great artist who created Tom Thumb. A monster bear who allowed himself to be lowered by ropes into safety must have been a very commonplace bear. The whale, perhaps, appeals more forcibly to our imaginations. Indeed the existence of a whale in New York must have caused a spasm of jealousy to the gentlemen who have laboured so gallantly and so fruitlessly to bring a porpoise to London. They will doubtless hear with a spiteful satisfaction of his melancholy end; the tank in which the unlucky beast cultivated friendly relations with an alligator was broken for the sake of the water, and the interesting companions were consequently roasted instead of boiled. Let us hope that the whale was insured against fire, as probably the first of his race for whom such a precaution would be necessary. The learned seal showed remarkable tact in escaping into Broadway, for, next to a whale, a seal would be out of place in a great fire. This revelation of the present poverty of Barnum's Museum is disappointing. Barnum, like other men, is apparently inclined to rest upon his laurels and to cease from inventing startling novelties. Bears and whales and giantesses are unworthy of "the greatest showman since our world began," the man who contrived to make a profit by exhibitions of the very greatest rubbish ever picked out of a kennel. A man who shows a bear or a whale is almost appealing to a legitimate curiosity. The essential merit of Barnum was that he showed things utterly worthless in themselves. He was like a man who is proud of catching his fish by artificial flies, and who would never condescend to offer the substantial attractions of a worm. Any one can produce an impression by means of a real live ghost; it requires the skill of a genuine artist to make a ghost out of a turnip and an old sheet. The Feejee mermaid, which was in Barnum's earlier style, was intrinsically valueless; it was knocked together out of a few old fish skins and a stuffed monkey. In other hands, they would have remained more raw material; in his they became a most excellent monster of the deep. So, too, Washington's nurse was a mere dirty old negro woman, such as may be found by hundreds in the United States; it was Barnum's special glory to appeal to the patriotic sight-seers by that touch about Washington, and to make an old negress as attractive as Jenny Lind. The highest poetry is that which finds new meaning in the commonest things; and the true showman is the man whose wonders are the vilest objects invested with charming associations by the mere force of his imagination.

In the exhibition of Tom Thumb we see a slight falling-off in this respect, although Tom Thumb was perhaps Barnum's most successful achievement. Tom Thumb was certainly a genuine curiosity, and so far was worth seeing on his own account; but then we must add, in justice to Barnum, that he was a curiosity simply unpleasant to all cultivated tastes. A chimpanzee is scarcely pleasing, although the amiable simplicity of character which distinguishes our present visitor almost disarms criticism. When she is observed gracefully accepting gooseberries from her admirers, or having a game of romps with her attendant monkeys, it is impossible to be too hard upon her; one forgets for the time that she is a hideous caricature of humanity, and remembers that she is an ape. Tom Thumb, on the other hand, always obtrusively claimed to be a man and a brother; consequently it was as unpleasant to well-regulated minds to look at him as to look at any other unnatural deformity. Barnum, however, was wise enough to know that most minds are not well regulated. The poor wretches who haunt our streets to extort money by exhibiting ghastly malformations produced by nature or accident simply shock most people; but even they

find a fit audience, whose susceptibilities are too blunt for their disgust to overcome their curiosity. By a happy perception of the exact degree to which all minds are infected by a certain morbid appetite for strange things, even when intrinsically ugly, Barnum succeeded in attracting persons who might have been assumed to be superior to Tom Thumb. There is a disposition, which shows itself in many ways, for preferring queer things to beautiful. In some of the loveliest scenery in the world cockneys habitually turn aside to see a hill shaped like the Duke of Wellington's nose, or a stalactitic formation which resembles a petrified bear, or some other of those absurd sights which seem to have been created for the behoof of guide-book writers. Some persons affect to be altogether superior to this, and prefer, for example, the contemplation of the cliffs of the Eiger and Schreckhorn to examining the marks made by St. Martin when he leant his back against one hill and struck his stick through the other. But we fear that a certain sneaking instinct, which we should be ashamed openly to avow, lurks within most breasts, and often induces us secretly to prefer the freak of nature to the real beauty. It is a humiliating fact, like a good many others, such as that men prefer farces to Shakspeare, or Crystal Palaces to true architecture. But it is a fact notwithstanding, although most generally true of half-educated people. Barnum took advantage of it with inimitable skill in the case of Tom Thumb. That most unattractive little dwarf might have wasted his ugliness on the desert air to any extent had he not been turned to account by a man of genius. There were dwarfs before Tom Thumb, puffed by no Barnum, just as apples fell before that one which attracted Sir Isaac Newton's attention; but they passed their lives unnoticed except by men of science or by the frequenters of some humble caravan, which was to Barnum's Museum what Fulton's first steamboat was to the Great Eastern. Tom Thumb under Barnum became a name. He produced town and gown rows in English Universities; he was known from the palace to the cottage; and he was the proximate cause of poor Haydon cutting his throat. It must have been cruel for a painter who believed in himself to see his high art neglected in comparison with a dwarf; but Haydon should have known that his ignominious rival had the advantage of genius too. The mannikin might have piped to us, but we should not have danced had not Barnum set the tune. Tom Thumb came again to us got up, as it may be said, with new effects and scenery. He came with a wife and other dwarfs as unattractive as himself. His carriage has paraded Piccadilly and St. James's Street, and drawn the attention of numerous small boys. But the British public has passed him by, as though he had been so much dross. He has become stale and unprofitable, scarcely superior to the talking fish, and decidedly less attractive than Garibaldi. This time he unwisely trusted to his own powers of puffery.

Barnum, as we have remarked, seems to us to have fallen off. His taste has become less discriminative. The mere fact of his exhibiting a giantess we consider to be against him. Superficial observers might possibly suppose that, for exhibiting purposes, a giantess was at least the equal of a dwarf. We cannot think so. A giantess is, in our opinion, just on the wrong side of the line which separates the bearably from the unbearably grotesque. It is true that some people have strong enough stomachs for anything. But the appetite which can (metaphorically) swallow a giantess must be strong indeed. We should say that the giantess is just above the bearded woman in the scale of repulsiveness; the lowest or zero point in that scale being marked by some of those detestable objects which adorn the outside of anatomical museums. We cannot, of course, answer for the still more revolting sights, which may be observed within their walls. Ladies, it is credibly stated, used to kiss Tom Thumb. It is a sad reflection, and proves how much the benevolent instincts of the fair sex may be at times perverted; but no one could ever kiss a giantess. A woman seven feet high would, we should think, strike horror into the boldest breast. We should have been very sorry to have had the choice of saving the giantess or the whale; perhaps an enlightened curiosity to see roast whale might have turned our choice in favour of the giantess; but if the learned seal had appealed to us (for a seal is amongst the most attractive of the brute creation), we fear the giantess might have been grilled.

It can hardly be doubted that Barnum will rise phoenix-like from the ashes of his museum. It is, indeed, stated that he has already despatched his agent to Europe to buy new curiosities. This is an involuntary compliment which we are glad to accept. One would certainly have thought that in the land of the snapping turtle and the Guyas Cuti of the prairies there could have been no dearth of natural wonders. The Guyas Cuti, we may remark, is an animal which has never yet been seen. He was once advertised by an enterprising Yankee as a beast of tremendous ferocity, who was in the habit of carrying Indians to the tops of the highest trees and leaving them there to perish of hunger. The audience collected and paid their dollars. Suddenly a rattling of chains was heard, and the showman rushed in, pale and bloody, crying that the Guyas Cuti had broken loose. The audience fled with precipitation in one direction and the showman with the dollars in the other. Neither he nor the terrible Guyas Cuti have ever since been seen. We should recommend Mr. Barnum to secure one of them. Meanwhile, he seems to have made a good stroke by declaring that the fire was the work of Southern incendiaries. They are represented to have been infuriated by the exhibition of the petticoat in which Jefferson Davis did not



attempt to escape. Certainly the irritation was legitimate, although they took a rather strong way of expressing it. It would, we suppose, be too wild an hypothesis to presume that Barnum had fired the museum himself, because the giants and the whale and the learned seal did not pay, by way of advertisement. He will in future have the patriotism as well as the curiosity of the North in his favour; and it would be only a graceful act to subscribe to present him with a new whale.

#### ENGLISH SCULPTURE.

A BRONZE statue of Mr. Godley, by Mr. Thomas Woolner, has, previously to its shipment for New Zealand, been placed on view in the South Kensington Museum, where, we believe, it will be exhibited for three or four months. Mr. Godley was one of the principal founders of the well-known Canterbury Settlement, and is said to have been a man of unusual energy and simplicity of nature—such a leader, in short, as might have been selected in the old days of Greece to conduct colonists from Corinth or Phocæa to the coasts of Gaul and Lybia. Mr. Woolner has succeeded remarkably in stamping this character upon his work. The head is full of vivacity and firmness; the face looks keenly forward, the mouth set, the eyes fixed on the horizon with the air of a man who foresees at once the immediate labours of the settlement and its long future career. It is an infallible and an easy test of goodness in a statue when the expression of the features gives the keynote to the expression of the figure. Mr. Woolner's new work completely fulfils this condition. Every line in the dress, and in the figure shown under the dress, carries out the idea which we have above indicated, by its character of compressed energy and simple resolve. These are what may be called the demands of nature on the artist. At the same time, the demands of art have been met by the manner in which the free and unrestrained action of the limbs has been brought into harmony by the disposition of the drapery; the result being that the figure, although instinct with life and motion, retains the statuesque character. The man is ready to move and speak, yet there is no sense on the beholder's part that he will, as it were, leave his station. In other words, the golden law of moderation has been strictly kept. The figure stands on the delicate pause or crisis between the two opposing dangers of sculpture—immobility or heaviness, and over-display of motion or spasm.

A word may be added upon the dress. We often hear modern fashions quoted as the excuse for modern failures in portrait-sculpture. Here the artist has had the courage to model a more than life-sized figure, not even in any robes of state, but in the sheer ordinary dress of the working colonist. Yet we are convinced that no one who looks at the statue (unless he look with the pseudo-classical spectacles of the last century) will feel any deficiency in this respect. The eyes are not drawn to the dress; one thinks of it no more than if the real man were before us. This we take to be the test of excellence in a portrait. When we ask why Mr. Woolner has succeeded in a point in which success is notoriously so rare, the reason will be found to lie solely in the truth of representation, as governed by imaginative power in the artist's mind. The power of the head concentrates our attention on the leading point. The faithful rendering of the limbs makes us conscious of the form rather than of its coverings. The dress itself, though rendered with a minute finish which is very uncommon, yet never draws attention to the petty details; it strikes us as what our friend wears, not as suggestive of his tailor. On the whole, this figure is a work of which its possessors have a right to be proud, and it sustains Mr. Woolner's reputation as one of the most faithful, powerful, and imaginative among the living sculptors of the country.

Let us take this opportunity to recur to the remarks on this subject which we have formerly made. One main reason for British failure in sculpture we have traced to ignorance in private patronage. A second lies, of course, in the imperfect training of the sculptors, and in the number of men, incompetent from want of natural gift and of acquired knowledge, who take advantage of this public ignorance to pass themselves off as artists. Enough has been said for the present on those obstacles. The first will be removed or diminished when those who order a bust or a group learn to train their eyes by reference to nature and to existing standards in art, and give commissions, not from private kindness or on the strength of fashion and puffery, but with a sincere wish to obtain money's worth for their money. Taste in sculpture, as in all the arts, although it does not grow of itself, but requires some little trouble to learn, is simple matter of information, and of information the acquisition of which differs from many other forms of study in its pleasantness. If any readers are induced by this criticism to open their eyes and judge for themselves, they will be surprised to find how quickly the dormant power of distinguishing good from bad awakens in the mind. Fifty years ago, this process began in the case of painting; and now, although some ill-founded popularities exist, yet even these are kept up to a level much above what passes muster in sculpture. A similar elevation of taste will be soon met by a parallel advance among our sculptors; and fifty years hence the tawdry cleverness of A., the vulgar commonplace of B., and the innuity of X. Y. Z. (it would not be hard to make up four-and-twenty) will provoke the smile of wonder with which we now look at the Fames, Victorias, Britannias, and the like in St.

Paul's or Westminster Abbey. And when it is then asked, as we sometimes ask about the said Fames, Victorias, and Britannias, how such ugly encumbrances came to find their way into the squares and streets and churches of the land, a third reason will be given, on which we propose now to say a few plain words.

Partly from the expense of sculpture, partly from its inherent commemorative quality, it frequently happens that works in this art are not prepared by the artist according to his own invention, but are commissioned from him by a combined order. Hence arises a second form of patronage, which has been often justly complained of by our better artists, and which is, indeed, open to every kind of abuse that ignorance and personal vanity and jobbing can perpetrate to the injury of art. This mode is the Committee. Why a committee works so badly may be easily explained. All "patronage" of art ends in an act of choice. When a single person is the patron, mistaken as he is apt to be in an art which is little studied or criticized, he will, however, often act from some pleasure or interest in the subject. But that selecting body which we call a committee is not one chosen for its power of selection, but for its connection with the person or deed to be commemorated. It is a thousand chances to one if a single member of it has the very slightest knowledge of an art like sculpture. They are gallant sailors or soldiers, politicians or scientific men. The tone in which the whole thing is commonly spoken of proves that such bodies do not grasp the point in hand. When a statue has been decided on, and a prospect of funds is in view, ninety-nine people out of a hundred appear to be quite satisfied. Anything will do between a Phidias and a figure-head. The friend is sufficiently honoured by the fact. A bronze in the square! a statue in the Abbey! the job seems finished—when unluckily, in both senses of the word, it has only just begun.

It is curious to watch the details of the process by which a hero mounts his pedestal in England. The very wish to set him there rises sometimes from the desire, not to commemorate merit, but to find a job for some distinguished and voracious artist of "European reputation." This is the worst case; readers of this journal will remember more than one example of it. Generally, however, there is a genuine impulse to put up a statue, combined with a vague idea of what a statue ought to be like, and who is fit to do it. We pause for a moment here. Everything really turns on this; for what honour is it to be perpetuated in grim ugliness, like poor Napier in Trafalgar Square, or Wellington at Hyde Park and at Glasgow? How is the heroism of Balaklava figured by the three grenadiers standing at ease in Waterloo Place, or the losses of the Crimea by four similar women in feathers, backing to the four corners of a pedestal at Scutari? It is the same with poetry. Who would care to be sung of by a Blackmore or a Montgomery, or to

live in Settle's pages one day more?

Only a master can give the monument which outlasts bronze; if we cannot find him, the honour will be worse than worthless. So in the choice of the sculptor. Everything really turns on the fitness, truth, and beauty of the monument; but nobody on our committee much minds these things.

The sculptor, however, must be chosen, and as in England the idea is that we have some twenty or more, each and all capable of a task which Michel Angelo found almost too much for him, the committee feel an *embarras des richesses*. Perhaps they propose a competition, to which no good artists, and few even of the established ones, ever send. But there are always some ready to compete, or who have not yet learned by bitter experience how merit fares in these "gambling transactions," as they are properly termed by Mr. Burges in his amusing Lectures. In due time the models come in, neatly got up by the knowing ones, who are perfectly aware that, on the miniature scale, only the most skillful eyes can distinguish chaff from grain, and that the British mind is always ready to take a sand-papered surface for the fine finish of real art. The committee meet, and walk round them, and meet again; and although the competitors are supposed to be as unknown to their judges as undergraduates writing for a prize-poem, yet it has been observed that some one member possesses a happy instinct by which he detects his *protégé* amongst the crowd. Perhaps a suspicion has sprung up by this time that the committee is getting out of its depth. Even the common refuge of the indolent, that there is no disputing about taste, loses its virtue when the members reflect on the reception which a black bronze generally meets with in England from the discerning public. But the models have come all around them, like demons called up by an unskilful magician, and somehow they must decide. As nobody has any genuine grounds to go on, every one is thankful for the help of a decided bias, and the result is, let us say, the Nelson Column. Or we have heard that matters occasionally take a more diverting turn, and an artist on the committee has been known to descend from that high judicial function, enter the ranks with the modellers, and secure the monument. Chance governs all! but chance (as theologians say) is a poor foolish word, expressing something underneath which is much better.

Things hardly go more happily when the committee selects its own artist. There is always the radical difficulty—twenty people trying to choose, with no more special aptitude for choosing a good sculptor than (let us say) of selecting the best treatise on Concomitant Variations. Mathematics are matter of knowledge, and sculpture is just as much so; but neither kind of knowledge comes without proper study. If we have not studied mathematics, we generally leave Concomitant Variations alone; but the committee

must choose its sculptor. Then, perhaps, some artist, or man of reasoned or real taste, helps it to a choice. This is of course the best chance; for although the general degradation of English sculpture has lowered the standard terribly, so that people who can be trusted about painting blunder sadly about the other art, yet to this intervention we owe (it may be safely presumed) the few truly fine monumental works which have been produced within the century—Flaxman's "Mansfield," Wyatt's "Princess Charlotte," Watson's "Eldon and Stowell," Foley's "Lord Hardinge," Woolner's "Godley," and the like. But generally there is no such intervention in favour of merit. The invariable committee-man with a friend outside proposes that a select body (one practically to be a *quorum*) shall make the choice; and, with a natural eagerness to be delivered from these "questions of taste," which ignorance naturally fancies have either no solution or may be solved by instinct, the selecting body is named at once. But, from the same reasons which generally have collected the great committee without the least reference to its ostensible business, the little committee is no better qualified to select. The friend, of course, hands over the job to the excellent outsider, who has always done something for the Mansion House, or the Court, or is a favourite with Lady — (you know), or is, lastly, the "local man" who gives such agreeable dinners, or makes yours go off so brilliantly. We are drawing no fancy picture, as some of our readers will know only too well; nor do we mean to blame the well-intending committees in question. How should they help it? They have to choose, and they know next to nothing about choosing. Indeed, they receive no help in their task from the right quarter; the good artist being invariably and notoriously incapable of putting himself forward. It is the other kind that practises the arts by which a man *se fait valoir*, and gets laudatory paragraphs in the papers; he has only one art, and that is enough for him. Were the case different, it is bad work that would be the exception.

But the committee meanwhile proceed. Their serious business is beginning. A few friends put down their names from a sense of respect. The committee subscribe from a sense of duty. The public are invited to aid in setting up what, they are invariably informed, good judges have pronounced to be an admirable work of art. In extreme cases, what the profane speak of as "the screw" is called in. Pressure is put upon subordinates—a process to which the subscription for a military hero, as the advertised lists in case of Baron Marochetti's "Lord Clyde" suggest, is tenderly susceptible. Vague intimations are held out that defaulters will be exposed. We have known one case where the hat was sent round to all the noblemen and gentlemen whom the sculptor had "cultivated," with a solemn appeal to their sense of art. The process had a kind of tragic seriousness, but the result has been fertile in broad grins ever since. Or perhaps the name of a deceased husband is brandished, as it were *in terrorem*, over the widow. Meanwhile the nominee is labouring in private; subordinates, in one or two notorious instances, doing the work of which the head of the firm is incapable. At last we reach the closing scene in the play. The committee meet; a speech is made, in which the speaker will be observed curiously reticent on the question of art, the honour being always supposed to lie, not in the godness of the statue, but in the fact that it has been set up; the figure is unveiled, and one more masterpiece is added to those which have done so much for the adornment of London, Manchester, or Edinburgh. "It is impossible to describe to those who have not seen them," says one of the latest and most intelligent French writers on England, "how Lord Nelson looks with a cable between his legs by way of a tail, or the Duke striding over an archway, with his hat and feathers done in metal." Nor shall we attempt to describe the more recent performances which we owe to the too familiar pseudo-sculptors of our time. They are before our paths, and in our way, and M. Taine himself has found them too dismal for joking.

But enough of this negative criticism—always in itself an unsatisfactory thing, although necessary as the only prelude to improvement. Our moral must be that the committee system, as in general it exists, is radically wrong. It selects men for one reason, and then requires them to perform functions which have no sort of connection with it. We conclude that it should be abandoned by people of sense and modesty. Nor—personal vanity or the wish to job apart—is there any reason why the system should be adopted. When a scientific question comes before a court, the court calls in an expert. A committee, except in the rare cases where it contains some one who has made sculpture his serious study, should do the same. To advise on such matters, as has been more than once suggested, should be one function of a Royal Academy. Or, without confining the selection to that body (which is decidedly not fortunate in all its sculptors), a kind of recognised tribunal would soon form itself if memorializers in general were alive to the bad results of their proceedings, and to the absurdity of extemporizing judgments on a technical question. Public taste would, meanwhile, advance in regard to sculpture, as it has advanced in regard to painting. The charlatan and the ignoramus would gradually drop out of sight. And if no modern race is likely to equal Athenian taste in these matters, we might at least see England brought to the level of France or of Germany.

## REVIEWS.

## INDIA UNDER LORD DALHOUSIE.\*

IT is the misfortune of history that some of its greatest subjects are so overlaid by controversy that their real grandeur is constantly either lost sight of or denied. There are few more conspicuous instances of this fact than Lord Dalhousie's reign in India. The tenth year from the close of his administration sees the character and results of his policy still hotly disputed, and every historian of the eventful period which preceded the Mutiny of 1857 finds himself writing under the shadow of the coming catastrophe, and is reduced, almost against his will, to speak as a partisan of his hero's share in bringing it about. Nothing but time and increased knowledge of Indian affairs can effectually remedy this evil. At present we can but compare statement with statement, the charge with the refutation, the attack with the defence, in the hope that each successive conflict of opposing judgments will result in putting some additional truth beyond the reach of question. The three books which we have here placed together are the latest contributions to this prolonged controversy. The Duke of Argyll has been induced by the appearance of Mr. Arnold's second volume, and Mr. Kaye's History of the Sepoy War, to reprint his review of recent Indian history which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for January and April, 1863. Sir Charles Jackson has written with the object of "vindicting Lord Dalhousie's policy and reputation from the attacks of his assailants." Mr. Arnold's comment upon his own narrative is that it displays palpably "one dominant passion, driving the great and able man possessed of it to the very verge of conventional justice, generosity, and good faith, and even sometimes not a little beyond those boundaries." Thus a comparison of these three volumes will at all events afford us the advantage of seeing at one view what is to be said both for the prosecution and the defence. If the Duke of Argyll's sketch does not rise to the dignity of a judicial summing-up, it is only perhaps because his position as "a member of the Cabinet which decided on the annexation of Oude, and decided, too, not only on the doing of it, but substantially on the manner in which it should be done," necessarily involves him in whatever responsibility may attach to what has often been regarded as the crowning measure of Lord Dalhousie's administration.

Of the lawfulness, however, of this particular act, even Mr. Arnold entertains no doubt. The policy of annexing Oude has had assailants in plenty, but they seem now to have retired from the contest; and since Lord Ellenborough imported an implied "doubt whether we had any good right to hold the province" into his famous despatch against Lord Canning, it has ceased to be the fashion to charge the British Government with wholesale plunder because it declined to be any longer a partaker in the crimes of its incorrigible puppets. For that this was morally our position in Oude seems hardly to admit of denial. The Treaty of 1801 bound the potentate then known as the "Nawab Vizier" to "establish such a system of administration as shall be conducive to the prosperity of his subjects, and be calculated to secure the lives and property of the inhabitants"; and, as the only chance of keeping him to his engagement, he was further made to promise that he would "always advise with, and act in conformity to the counsel of, the officers of the East India Company." In return for this, the British Government pledged itself to defend his Excellency's territories "against all foreign and domestic enemies." In what manner this treaty was carried out on the part of the Kings of Oude, every reader of Sir William Sleeman's or Sir James Outram's Reports knows only too well. Under the combined misrule of its Mussulman sovereigns and its Hindoo aristocracy, the fairest and most fertile territory of the Indian peninsula became a very hell upon earth. "The country," says the Duke of Argyll, "was a prey to perpetual civil war, and civil war of a most cruel and barbarous kind. The number of persons killed or murdered"—often after the most horrible tortures—"exceeded two thousand annually. But murder was the least destructive of the many inflictions which completed the misery of the people. Whole towns and villages were frequently burnt, and whole crops destroyed. Sometimes the wives and children of the cultivators were driven off in hundreds, and those of them who escaped death from cold and hunger were sold into slavery. The average number of villages burnt or plundered for each of the seven years" (since 1847) "is stated by Outram at upwards of seventy-eight." This was the state of things which we were maintaining by the presence of a British Resident and the support of a British army. The "counsel" in conformity to which the King had promised to govern his dominions, as the price of having them guaranteed to him, had been tendered again and again. It had taken the shape of advice, of entreaty, of warning, of menace, but in every shape alike it had been systematically disregarded. Lord Dalhousie was hardly the man to find pleasure in impotent remonstrances, and after the disclosures of Colonel Outram's Report he took up "the consideration of the subject with a view to its final decision."

\* *India under Dalhousie and Canning*. By the Duke of Argyll. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

*A Vindication of the Marquis of Dalhousie's Indian Administration*. By Sir Charles Jackson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

*The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India*. Vol. II. By Edwin Arnold. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1865.



In his minute of the 18th of June, 1855, he reviewed the history of our relations with Oude; and, in words the restrained and severe eloquence of which is so striking that it is difficult to read them even now without being carried away by the desire of quotation, he sketched the misery of the people, the degradation of the rulers, and the complicity of the British Government, and then submitted to the Court of Directors that since, "were it not for the constant presence of British troops at Lucknow, the people of Oude would speedily work their own deliverance," inaction on our part was no longer possible without "converting our responsibility into guilt."

But here, strange to say, Lord Dalhousie's direct share in the work of annexation came to an end. The act itself, though it was carried out under his superintendence, formed no part of his original scheme, and was undertaken in opposition to his suggestions. Of the four possible modes of dealing with the question—namely, annexation, a transfer of the administration of the kingdom to the East India Company coupled with a retention by the King of his royal title and position, a division of the government between the King and the British Resident, and a merely temporary assumption of power by the latter—Lord Dalhousie dismissed, in the same Minute, all but the second. He proposed to require the King to sign a new treaty, vesting the "whole civil and military administration of Oude in the hands of the Company," upon pain, in case of refusal, of seeing the British force withdrawn from his dominions, and all interposition of the Government of India "in His Majesty's affairs" brought to an immediate end. None of the members of his Council agreed with Lord Dalhousie in this recommendation, and Mr. J. P. Grant recorded his dissent in a very celebrated Minute which is stated on good authority to have really determined Lord Palmerston's Cabinet in the course they adopted. "The result," says the Duke of Argyll, "was a despatch, nominally from the Court of Directors, but really from the Ministers of the Crown, leaving it to the Governor-General to be guided by circumstances as to the mode of securing the desired result, but indicating strongly an opinion that the proposal of withdrawing our troops from Oude was one founded on too limited an interpretation of our rights, and one which, regarded as an indirect measure of compulsion, might involve the risk of failure." Though expressed in terms apparently designed to throw as much of the responsibility of stringent measures on Lord Dalhousie's shoulders as could possibly be made to lie there, there could be no doubt that this despatch pointed to annexation pure and simple, in preference to any milder expedient, and in this sense Lord Dalhousie at once accepted it. He had already offered, with that singular subordination of all personal considerations to the immediate interests of the public service which he had learned from his master Sir Robert Peel, to carry out the orders of the Court of Directors in his own person, instead of leaving the execution of them, as he might have done, to Lord Canning, who was already on his way to relieve him. The incorporation of Oude into the British dominions was at once accomplished, and thus, by a curious fatality, Lord Dalhousie was for a long time—is by some people to this day—credited with the whole praise or blame of an act which he alone, of all the members of the Government either in India or at home, had consistently opposed. The main ground on which he based his disapprobation of formal annexation was the fidelity which the rulers of Oude had shown to the British power. "No wavering friendship," he wrote, "has ever been laid to their charge. They have long acknowledged our power, have submitted without a murmur to our supremacy, and have aided us as best they could in the hour of our utmost need." We confess that this argument seems to us deserving of more weight than was attached to it by Lord Palmerston's Cabinet. It is true that any personal claims which the Kings of Oude might have established on British forbearance ought not to have weighed for a moment against their persistent neglect of all those interests of their subjects which they had promised to promote, and which we had pledged ourselves to see promoted. But in Lord Dalhousie's judgment the two objects did not necessarily conflict with one another. We had nothing to do but to declare the Treaty of 1801 at an end, to bring the King at once to our feet. He could not have maintained himself for a month against his own army or his own subjects, and consequently we had only to withdraw our protection to ensure his eager consent to such terms as we might have thought fit to impose upon him. In this way the same end would have been attained as was secured by the course actually taken, while we should not have given occasion to our enemies to draw the conclusion that, when once we have set our hearts upon a kingdom, it makes little difference whether its rulers have been true or false to us. The overthrow of a dynasty simply because it has governed ill is not a proceeding which comes home to the minds of the natives of India; but an act of ingratitude, though it is such only in appearance, conveys a lesson which is very quickly learned, however imperfect may be the civilization of the learner. If Lord Dalhousie's advice had been followed, the progress of improvement in Oude would not have been materially delayed, while the presence of the reigning family at Lucknow might have acted as a breakwater against the discontent which subsequently found a weapon ready to its hand in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.

But though the annexation of Oude cannot with any justice be laid to Lord Dalhousie's charge, and though, if his suggestion had been followed, the great benefits which have resulted, even as it is, from that substantially righteous act might have been unalloyed

with the drawbacks which actually accompanied it, there are annexations enough for which he is really responsible, and in respect of which it is difficult wholly to acquit him. These are the acquisitions of territory which were based on the alleged failure of heirs—the most notable instances being those of Sattara, Nagpore, and Jhansi. Upon this part of the question we find ourselves unable to agree completely either with the assailants or the defenders of Lord Dalhousie. In each case, as is well known, the Governor-General refused to recognise an adopted son as the heir to the throne of the deceased rajah. The importance attributed by the Hindoos to the rite of adoption may perhaps be best illustrated by supposing a Roman Catholic to believe that he can only be delivered—not from purgatory merely, but from hell—by having certain masses said for him, and that these masses can only be offered by a natural or adopted son. It is only the son who can perform the mortuary sacrifices at his father's grave; and if these are left unperformed, the parent has no chance of entering the Hindoo heaven. "Every great event in the life of a Hindoo," says Mr. Maine, "seems to be regarded as leading up to, and bearing upon, these solemnities. If he marries, it is to have children who may perform them after his death; if he has no children, he lies under the strongest obligation to adopt them from another family, 'with a view,' writes the Hindoo doctor, 'to the funeral cake, the water, and the solemn sacrifice.'" So far the case against Lord Dalhousie seems very conclusive, but it breaks down at the next step. It does not appear that, to make an adoption valid, the son must of necessity succeed to the dignities as well as the estates of his adoptive father:—

All the arguments, therefore, which have been founded on the cruelty of preventing the completion of a rite sacred among Hindoos are arguments which have no bearing on the question. There was no attempt to interfere with adoption as a religious rite. It must also be remembered that, wherever a native aristocracy exists, or can be created, founded on possessions or position short of sovereignty, it may be perpetuated by adoption, without in any way contravening the principle of policy laid down by Lord Dalhousie.

It seems to follow, therefore, that there is no foundation in fact for Mr. Arnold's assertion that in these annexations "the Governor-General struck at the root of Hindoo religion, and cut out of Hindoo law its highest and gentlest enactment"; but, on the other hand, both the Duke of Argyll and Sir Charles Jackson appear to leave out of sight the immense effect produced upon Hindoo society by the discovery that a relationship universally held to be of equal sacredness with that of sonship by birth was for the future to confer no title to a vacant sovereignty. It is true that the sanction of the paramount State had always been needed for such a succession; but it was one thing to object to this or that particular adoption, and another to lay down the rule that, except under peculiar circumstances, the adopted son was to be passed over, and the territory to be regarded as though it had escheated through failure of heirs. And as if to make the operation of this principle the more conspicuous, there was one striking difference between two of these cases and the third. The Rajahs of Nagpore and Jhansi had governed their dominions ill, but the Rajah of Sattara had been a singularly mild and virtuous ruler; and when it became obvious that to both classes of sovereigns alike there remained the one end of having their dominions incorporated into the territories of the British Government, we can hardly wonder that to native observers it seemed like a deeply-laid plan to absorb one by one all the remaining seats of native power in India. And though the Duke of Argyll is doubtless right in maintaining that the war of 1857 was a mutiny and not a rebellion, and that it was a mutiny caused by a sudden religious panic, he seems hardly to make sufficient allowance for the extent to which the insurrectionary element ultimately entered into it, or for the amount of religious distrust of our policy which must have existed in the minds of the Sepoys before they could have yielded themselves up so completely to their apprehensions about the greased cartridges.

#### SCHLÜTER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.\*

THIS book contains either too much or too little. Admitting the matter to be good, it contains too little; wanting that admission, it contains too much. We are of opinion that it contains too much. The work professes to be a history of music from a general point of view, for which—the author tells us in his preface—the foundation has been laid by R. G. Kiesewetter, in his *History of Modern or European Music*, the first edition of which appeared at Leipzig in 1834, the second in 1846. Herr Schlüter proposes "to treat more in detail of the last century" than Kiesewetter had done; to "condense in a shorter review the period of preparation for 'our modern music,'" "to allot to each period as much time and consideration as its intrinsic worth and interest at the present day shall warrant"; "above all, to unfold the doctrine of progressive development having an actual inherent sequence," and to demonstrate "that the Present is not merely connected with the Past by the loose chain of tradition, but grows out of it by reason of its" (the Past's or the Present's) "internal structure and formation." Such vagueness as interferes with our ready comprehension of the foregoing may perhaps be laid at the door of Mrs. Tabbs; but a rough guess at Herr Schlüter's meaning scarcely brings with it the conviction that

\* *A General History of Music*. By Dr. Joseph Schlüter. Translated from the German by Mrs. Robert Tabbs. London: Richard Bentley.

his book fulfils the prescribed conditions. His last proposition but one, indeed—that about allotting “to each period” the requisite “time and consideration”—is by no means carried out; the very important period, for example, immediately succeeding the Beethoven-Weber-Schubert period being illustrated by a mere jumble of names and bad criticism. “The doctrine of progressive development *having an inherent sequence*” may possibly be “unfolded” in the course of the “History”; but to decide on this point we must first be able to define the proposition, which, as it stands, is rather mysterious than clear.

We have little reverence for “general” histories of music in the abstract, and, unless there is cause for implicit faith in the generalizer, none. Herr Schlüter, who lives at Emmerich on the Rhine, appears to us, from a different point of view, much the same kind of person as Herr Müller of Königswinter, whose romance of *Fürstos* was put forth by its English translator as a comprehensive and trustworthy record of the early life of Beethoven. Some modern Germans are terribly infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and this *cacoethes* is more frequently relieved by scratching at music and musicians than by any other process. There is hardly a town or village on the Rhine, or in the vicinity of that famous stream, where an industrious pundit may not be found who has a good deal to say about the art in which Germany has excelled all other nations, and who says it voluminously, obscurely, or both. The head of the school to which these authors in spite of themselves belong is Professor Marx of Berlin, a gentleman of very considerable ability and erudition in a certain direction, but who has uttered a greater quantity of verbiage about music and musical composers than almost any one else that could be named, not excepting M. Fétis. Herr Schlüter is a worthy and zealous disciple. Vegetating at Emmerich, he must perforce contribute his quota to Teutonic musical small-talk. His so-named “History” appertains to a species of handbook of which lately we have had some noticeable specimens in England, and on the whole is neither better nor worse than the average. It may be likened to an annotated “Bradshaw,” in which the information about the trunk-lines, being easy enough to gather, is sufficiently copious and authentic, while the description of the subsidiary branches is nearly always hazy, and frequently made at random. For instance—skipping the chapters in which the preparatory high roads of the Ante-Christian Era, the Plain Song of the Latin Church, Orlandus Lassus and the Belgian school, Palestrina and Church music in Italy, the Origin of Opera, the Protestant *Corale*, &c., are traversed with the complacency of one who charts them out for the first time—the great trunk-lines of John Sebastian Bach, George Frederick Handel, Christopher Gluck and the French Opera, Joseph Haydn and the foundation of the Symphony and Quartet, Mozart and the Opera, down even to Beethoven, are travelled over with an assurance based for the most part upon facts so well supported, and so frequently reiterated, that no one at this time is disposed to question them. But even here, when he quits abstract generalizations, Herr Schlüter is not an over safe authority. Besides the itch of writing, he is stricken with the itch of criticizing, and his criticizing, where true, is as stale as, where not stale, it is in many respects radically untrue. At page 103 we light upon the following:—“As with Shakespeare, comedy preceded tragedy, so with Handel did the oratorio succeed to the opera.” This, we are aware, is from Herr Chrysander, who has recently taken Handel under his exclusive charge; but Herr Schlüter finds the “parallel between the operas of Handel and the comedies of Shakespeare ‘very striking.’” Striking, indeed; but striking for its sheer inapplicability. Any one who cannot see how much nearer Shakespeare’s comedies are to Shakespeare’s tragedies than Handel’s operas to Handel’s oratorios, must have a very superficial notion either of Shakespeare or of Handel, if not indeed of both. At page 106 we find, *apropos of Israel in Egypt*:—“Handel is grand beyond description when he represents the people rising to arms, giving battle, and celebrating their triumph.” In what part of *Israel* that particular passage occurs we should like to be informed. It is not in *Erodis* (Part i.), nor in the *Song of Moses* (Part ii.). Perhaps it may exist in a Part iii. exclusively known to Herr Schlüter, who, among other things in reference to the same oratorio, talks of “the wonderful instrumental imagery of the Plagues of Egypt!” Passing the silly phrase, “instrumental imagery,” we had always believed that the grand effects of Handel, and especially of his *Israel*, were produced by the voices of the choir, and that his instrumentation, like that of J. S. Bach, was, in comparison with the instrumentation of later days, defective, owing to the comparatively defective means then available. At page 100 we find the old story about *Messiah* being “rejected in London (April 12th, 1741), and afterwards enthusiastically received in Dublin.” Now as, upon the authority of Handel’s own handwriting, *Messiah* was commenced on the 22nd of August, 1741, it must have been “rejected in London” more than four months before a note of it was put on paper. An English historian—we are reminded by M. Victor Schœlcher, in his *Life of Handel*—has been led into a similar error by reading the word “*ausgeführt*” as “*aufgeführt*”; but at any rate he fixes the day of the first performance as September 14th, really the day (according to Handel’s own testimony) when the score was completed. It is difficult enough to understand how a work of such magnitude could be copied out, studied, rehearsed, and performed the very day on which it was finished. But Herr Schlüter, misled by the exploded report of Mainwaring, goes far beyond the English historian, and makes the performance take place four months before the

oratorio was begun. We are further told that Mozart revised the score of *Messiah*, whereas he merely put additional parts to the orchestration, leaving Handel, as a matter of course, otherwise untouched.

As a piece of criticism take the following:—“Hasse’s church style is remarkable for profound unity and artistic finish,” &c. Here, however, the excellent Mrs. Tubbs may be more or less at fault. At page 140 it is stated that “Gluck had, even in France, no successors or imitators, with the exception of Méhul’s exquisite opera, *Joseph*, until Spontini appeared.” From which we are to conclude that Méhul’s opera, *Joseph*, was an “imitator” of Gluck. This is somewhat hard to understand, the more so seeing that *Joseph* is not even an imitation, much less an “imitator” of any of Gluck’s operas. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Tubbs may be responsible for this. Then we are told that almost all Mozart’s pianoforte sonatas “are of inferior merit,” exceptions being allowed in favour of the *fantasia* and *sonata* (in C minor, we suppose—really two different works), “two sonatas in D, two in F, one in B” (B flat, Mrs. Tubbs?), “and the one in A, with variations.” What then becomes of the sonata in A minor, one of the very finest of them all? What of the sonatas for pianoforte and violin, of which there are at least a dozen really grand examples? But, apart from criticism, Herr Schlüter makes a blunder in relation to Mozart which is altogether unpardonable. Speaking of the pianoforte quartet in G minor, universally known to amateurs and musicians, he says:—

The splendid (for its resources almost too powerful) pianoforte quartet in G minor, which, contrary to his usual habit, Mozart himself arranged as a violin quintet, &c.

No such arrangement exists, nor, indeed, was any such arrangement ever made. The string quintet in G minor (No. 6) has nothing to do with the pianoforte quartet (No. 9) in the same key, but was composed in 1787, two years later, and is even a more beautiful work than its predecessor. Herr Schlüter has doubtless heard something about Mozart having given out a particular composition in two forms; but, had he referred to any recognised authority, instead of trusting to his own by no means efficient memory, he would have discovered that the work in question was the Serenade in C minor, for two oboes, two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, composed in 1782 and in 1784, recast by Mozart as a quintet, for what the “Founder of the Musical Union” calls “stringed instrumentalists.” About the G minor symphony we read:—

The most emotional of Mozart’s symphonies is, of course, far removed from Beethoven’s deep pathos—perhaps gifted connoisseurs deem it weak and tame.

So much the worse for “gifted connoisseurs,” even though Herr Schlüter be of the number. The G minor symphony of Mozart, whether as a finished piece of art or as a genuine inspiration, equals any of the symphonies of Beethoven. It is made of different stuff, that is all. The so-called (not so-called by Mozart) “Jupiter” symphony is thus magniloquently apostrophised:—

Early anguish is overcome; all is peace, prosperity, and grandeur. It is the apotheosis of the master himself, whose triumphant brow beams with immortality.

But, to have done with Mozart, the prodigious series of pianoforte concertos is dismissed in some twenty lines, ending with one of the many commonplaces of Hoffmann, whose musical criticism is often as vapid as it is wordy and pretentious:—

Hoffmann, who owned to a downright dislike of all pianoforte concertos whatever, described those of Mozart and Beethoven as “not so much concertos as symphonies with pianoforte obligato.”

(Herr Schlüter—or Mrs. Tubbs?—persistently spelling *obligato* with a “b” wanting). From the foregoing it may be gathered that Hoffmann had “a downright dislike” even to the concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, notwithstanding his ingenious method of distinguishing them from the rest.

But it is in his criticisms on later musicians that Herr Schlüter most plainly declares his incapacity. A critic who affirms that of the five pianoforte concertos by Beethoven the most remarkable are those in C minor and E flat is simply a critical Midas. To the fifth concerto, in E flat, we admit that the first place is due; but the fourth, in G major, in comparison with the third, in C minor, is as the Crystal Palace to the Duke of Devonshire’s glass conservatory—both the work of the late Sir Joseph Paxton. The C minor concerto of Beethoven, like his C major symphony, is crowded with reminiscences of Mozart. Mozart’s influence is felt everywhere, except in the slow movements; and on the whole, viewing both symphonies and concertos dispassionately, the superiority of Mozart must be conceded. What follows will cause amateurs in England to smile:—

It is much to be regretted that these concertos (Beethoven’s) are not more frequently performed—now-a-days especially, where mere execution is still held in high repute—and that, too, without those wretched *cadenzas* with which performers are in the habit of disfiguring these splendid works.

Herr Schlüter should pay a visit to England. He would find that the concertos of Beethoven, like those of Mendelssohn, and several of Mozart’s, are played so often by our Hallés, our Pauers, our Lindsay Slopers, our Arabella Goddards, &c., that certain sententious critics, who prefer even what is bad, so it be unfamiliar, to what is good, so it be familiar, are apt to cry out “*Jam satis!*” He would also be made aware of the fact that no



performer ever thinks of disregarding Beethoven's express injunction, by interpolating a *cadenza*, "wretched" or otherwise, in the great E flat concerto. The practice at Emmerich may possibly be different. But how little Herr Schlüter knows of what England is doing in the way of music may be gathered, not simply from the passage just cited, but from a remark which Mrs. Tubbs apparently thinks herself called upon to make at the end of Chapter VIII. Herr Schlüter has been expressing his gratification that certain pianists in Germany, among others Madame Schumann, Abbé Liszt (!) Herr von Bulow (!) &c., "have done a great deal for reviving the taste for a portion of Bach's pianoforte works"; and Mrs. Tubbs follows this up by stating, in a foot-note, that "recently, in England, Hallé has introduced the works of Seb. Bach in his 'Pianoforte Recitals.'" As if no pianist in England had ever played Bach's pianoforte music before and except that industrious and highly estimable professor! Really Mrs. Tubbs—a resident, we presume, in this country—would seem to be as profoundly unconscious of what goes on here as Herr Schlüter himself. While speaking of the fifth symphony of Beethoven (in C minor), Herr Schlüter quotes a great part of the windy analysis of Hoffmann, which any intelligent student of Beethoven, on arriving at the sentence, "But soon a bright image appears and illuminates the gloom, the exquisite theme in G major" (meaning the second subject of the first movement) will be likely to throw aside. The second subject, as every English musician knows, is not in G major, but in E flat major, which key is retained until the close of the first part of the movement. The usual platitudes about the Ninth Symphony, the Second Mass, and the last quartets are to be met with in Herr Schlüter's general estimate of Beethoven, and are likely to be read (if read at all) with the usual indifference by those able to judge Beethoven, as Beethoven—from the first sonata to the last, the first quartet to the last, and the first symphony to the last. Such criticism is no better than drivelling. Rather let us accept the mystical jargon of Herr Richard Wagner, or the earnest strivings of the intellectual Robert Schumann, who, unhappily for his credit as a judge, seems to feel with almost equal intensity for the gifted but unformed Schubert as for the greatest, the most complete, and the most richly endowed of all musical poets.

Herr Schlüter's estimates of the contemporaries and successors of Beethoven are of little value. His criticisms of Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Hérold—even Weber—are vague and unsatisfactory; while his ignorance of the relative importance, in many instances, indeed, of the actual productions, of these masters is remarkable. Like so many other representatives of the small fry of German musical criticism, he entertains but an imperfect notion of the absolute worth of Mendelssohn as the most stalwart and legitimate support of genuine art in our time; while he treats Meyerbeer with a disdain the frequent expression of which on the part of certain of Meyerbeer's literary contemporaries becomes as tiresome as it is absurd. On these points, however, there is no space to dwell; yet we cannot help adding that a musical critic who places the magnificent *Lobgesang* among Mendelssohn's failures, finds it necessary to apologize for the symphonies in A major and A minor (the "Italian" and the "Scotch"), and ranks the overtures called *Moerwille* and *Melusine* as "inferior works," has mistaken his vocation. M. Fétis, in the new and revised issue of his *Biographie Universelle*, has split upon the same rock; but the apathy, not to say ignorance, displayed in his article "Mendelssohn" is enough to warrant a belief that the erudite Flemish bibliographer is wholly unacquainted with many of the compositions he hints at and condemns.

About England we of course have no right to expect that a German critic, any more than a French critic, can know much; but Herr Schlüter triumphantly demonstrates that he knows nothing. We are therefore not surprised at reading what is said respectively of Messrs. Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, Benedict, &c., and especially of Professor Sterndale Bennett. A flippant negligence characterises this part of the "History," which would be repulsive to English readers but for the consoling fact that many of the best French composers, including Méhul, Auber, and others, are dismissed with the same self-sufficient brevity. Before presuming to write a "History" for the enlightenment of his generation, Herr Schlüter should have acquired a little ripper knowledge. A "General History of Music" cannot be adequately prepared by any one who has not thoroughly mastered the requisite information, and who does not know how to collate, reject, and classify. Herr Schlüter gets on tolerably well where he has simply to appropriate and condense the labours of others, but when he has to select the materials from the storehouse of his own brain he too often finds it empty. His concluding chapter—"The Later Musicians of Germany, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Present and Future"—is the oddest hash imaginable. The criticism on M. Berlioz, in accounting for the failure of that composer's *Romeo and Juliet*, applies with even stricter justice to Herr Schlüter himself. "He" (Berlioz) "did not possess the secret of combining all the details . . . with artistic unity, i.e. to group the details according to the laws of composition and reduce them to an harmonious whole." This is precisely the secret which Herr Schlüter did not possess when in the process of manufacturing *A General History of Music*. The advantage obtained by the translation into English of such specimens of mere bookmaking is questionable at the most. Mrs.

Tubbs would have done better to stitch together a "History" on her own account. We have little doubt that she would compile quite as readily as she translates.

#### SOUTHERN GENERALS.\*

THERE has been, we think, no modern war to whose history so much of the zest of personal romance belongs as is attached to the story of the recent American struggle. It is true that the history of the great European campaigns of the early years of this century is little more than the individual history of the Emperor with whose person the French nation had identified itself, and that the names of Ney and Murat, Soult and Massena, can never be separated from the achievements of the armies under their command. But in no case, except that of Napoleon and one or two of his greatest rivals, are we led to take interest in the man except as the leader of the army. We never think of Massena or Soult otherwise than as the leader opposed to Wellington; nor do we look to the personal character of the Generals for the explanation of the campaigns in which they figured, and the results accomplished under their auspices. In the Crimean, Italian, and Danish wars no single commander attracted much of our regard; our interest was concentrated on the opposing forces rather than on their chiefs, and there are not a few persons who would find some difficulty in remembering off-hand who commanded the Austrians at Solferino, the Danes or the Prussians at Düppel, or even the Allies and the Russians at the final storming of Sebastopol. With every principal event of the American war some distinguished name is inseparably connected. No one will ever recollect the famous march which opened up Georgia and the Carolinas, and revealed the fatal exhaustion of the South, but as Sherman's march; no one will sever the name of Grant from the fall of Vicksburg, or that of McClellan from the disasters of the Chickahominy. To distant generations the mention of New Orleans will recall the infamy of Butler, or that of Fredericksburg the rashness of Burnside. Still more closely are the names of the Southern commanders associated with the fortunes of their country and the achievements of their armies. There are few among us to whom Lee, and Longstreet, and Stuart, and "Stonewall" Jackson are not as familiar and as interesting as the heroes of English history and romance. The Southern armies are known to us chiefly by the fame of their commanders; and most Englishmen, in regretting their overthrow, deplore the misfortunes of the chiefs whom they had learned to admire and to venerate, rather than the defeat of a cause whose claims and whose merits they were never careful to understand. Half the sympathy felt for the Confederacy in this country, outside of political circles, has been felt for the country of Lee and Davis; and of the other moiety, no small proportion is due to the disgust inspired by Butler, and the horror provoked by the outrages of Sheridan, Milroy, and McNeil.

To this strong personal interest in the champions of the South the present volume appeals. It contains no history of the war, such as might be found in most military biographies. No Life of Wellington would be thought complete which did not give some sort of sketch of the events which led to the Peninsular War; and most lives of Napoleon deal at some length with the events of the French Revolution. But the author of this work confines himself strictly to the personal actions and achievements of the Southern Generals, and it is only in the life of General Lee that any considerable fragment of military history is embodied. Some light, nevertheless, the personal history of the commanders necessarily throws upon the conduct of the war; and there would be more of this light in the present volume had the author had access to any private sources of information. As it is, writing as a Northerner and in the North, he has been compelled to trust to the newspapers; and his work is little more than a judicious compilation of materials generally accessible. To English readers, however, it will be acceptable as containing much fuller information than our own journals could possibly find space for concerning the personal character of the Confederate leaders, and especially concerning their earlier career, and the circumstances which pointed them out to their countrymen as fit persons to take the lead in the work of national defence.

Almost without exception, the Generals who have risen to high command in the Southern armies were educated in the military academy of West Point. It does not follow that they had all of them pursued a military career, for the educational system of West Point was considered so much better than that of the civil academies of America, and the military instincts of the South were so strong, that many youths of promise were sent to the great military school of the Union who had not by any means made up their minds to enter the army. Several, after a brief period of service, quitted their regiments, and sought more active occupation in civil life, as lawyers, engineers, or railway officials—their military education particularly fitting them for the latter functions. But among those whose biographies are contained in this collection, the most eminent had served, and not without distinction, in the regular army. General Lee, General A. S. Johnston, and General J. E. Johnston had risen to or passed the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel. General Jackson was professor in a Southern military school.

\* *Southern Generals; Who they are, and What they have Done.* London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

General Polk, after a short term of service in the army, had thrown up his commission and entered the Church; and he held a bishopric when the war broke out. The reason which he gave for quitting his sacred office to bear arms in a civil war is worth repeating, as showing how completely the Southerners had learned to look upon their State as their country, and how confidently, whether justly or not, they regarded themselves as engaged in a war of mere self-defence. "He said that as soon as the war was over he should return to his episcopal avocations, in the same way as a man, finding his house on fire, would use every means in his power to extinguish the flames, and would then resume his ordinary pursuits." General Lee bore a very distinguished part in the Mexican war; and though then only a captain of engineers, was distinguished by General Scott as one of the most capable and useful officers in the army—a distinction which he shared with Beauregard and McClellan. Generals Jackson, Longstreet, Bragg, Ewell, and Joseph Johnston also served with credit in that war; and the last-named was twice severely wounded. Thus, of those to whom the command of the Confederate armies was at first entrusted, all were tried and distinguished soldiers, while among the Northern Generals were some who had never seen a regiment of regulars, and many who had never been under fire. This difference was due, no doubt, in part to the fact that a very large proportion of the best officers of the army were Southerners. In the North, the military career was not in favour, and the most promising lads were naturally induced to turn their attention to more lucrative professions. In the South, the *élite* of the youth were candidates for the appointments at West Point to which each State was severally entitled. The South, therefore, had a larger number of trained officers of first-class qualifications. Something may also be due to the distrust felt by the Republican Government for the officers of its army. The South could rely on nearly every Southern-born officer, and on all who offered their services. The Northern officers had for the most part been appointed by Democratic Governments, and might be supposed to be lukewarm in the cause of Federal authority as against State independence, so that Mr. Lincoln felt that he could better rely on civilians of undoubted loyalty than on soldiers whose heart was not in the cause. But the principal reason for the difference was undoubtedly this—that Mr. Davis, as an experienced soldier and statesman, understood the greatness of the contest and the incapacity of civilians for military command; while the Federal Government expected little more than a military promenade, and fancied it as easy to create volunteer generals as a volunteer army.

Nothing affords more absolute proof of the extent to which the theory of State sovereignty and State allegiance had pervaded all classes and all parties than the conduct of the Southern officers on the secession of their respective States. If there was any class of men who might be expected to regard the Federal Government as national, and themselves as its subjects, it was the officers of the regular army, trained as they were in the United States academy, enlisted under the Federal flag, and owing military obedience to the President. They were, in fact, the only class in the United States who were under the direct jurisdiction of the Federal, and exempt from the sovereign authority of the State, Governments. Yet so little doubt prevailed among them that every Southern officer of character and position followed the course of his State. Many of them disapproved Secession; all of them looked with horror on the idea of war. Yet, when their States seceded, they at once resigned their commissions, and, at the call of his State, each of them drew his sword against his former comrades. So the Northern Democrats, though zealous for State rights, yet, at the call of their States, took up arms for the Union. That the Southern officers conceived themselves to be acting legally as well as rightly is plain, as much from what they left undone as from what they did. When an officer rebels against his sovereign, he usually tries to induce his men to follow him, conceiving that the same reasons which absolve him from his military allegiance absolve them also. But no Southern officer, naval or military, did this. Each came to his native State with his single sword, after formally resigning his commission; acting, in fact, exactly as English officers in the Austrian service would act if England and Austria went to war. Such was the situation, as it appeared to every Southern-born man, and, at first, to nearly every Northerner, before the habit of stigmatizing secession as "rebellion" had induced the attempt to prove that not only seceding States but their individual citizens were rebels.

There is one point suggested by the perusal of this biographical collection which should not pass unnoticed. Very few Northern Generals—none, we believe, holding a high command—have been killed or wounded in battle; General Lyon and General Kearney being among the rare exceptions. As Southern soldiers are first-rate marksmen, this must be attributed to the rarity of exposure to their fire. On the other hand, an actual majority of the Southern Generals have met death or severe wounds in action. Several major-generals were killed and wounded in one of Hood's battles. Of generals chief in command, Sydney Johnston, Zollicoffer, McCulloch have been killed, and J. E. Johnston wounded; of those commanding divisions and *corps d'armée*, Jackson, Stuart, and Polk have been killed, Longstreet, Ewell, Hampton, Hood, and others wounded. The truth seems to be that the Southern soldiers, as was not unnatural in inexperienced troops, at first expected their commanders to set them an example of personal daring. As one officer of high rank observed, "Every atom of influence has to be purchased with a drop of your blood." The

desperate efforts which the troops were frequently called upon to make, and which required from them something surpassing the ordinary courage of soldiers, perpetuated this unfortunate practice, which cost the Confederacy, on more than one occasion, lives of more value than the victory they purchased. Even General Lee exposed himself with a carelessness that called forth anxious remonstrances; and the officers of his army were collectively notified by the Adjutant-General that such exposure was no part of their ordinary duty, and were recommended to profit by the excellent example of the enemy. The sneer was hardly deserved, but the advice was sound. The fall of General Johnston at Shiloh was the turning-point of the war in the West; it saved the Federal army from total destruction, and the Confederates never recovered the advantage which was then sacrificed. And, considering how narrowly the battle of Gettysburg was won, it is not too much to say that the fortune of that day and the fate of the South might possibly have been altered had not General Lee lost his right hand by the fall of Jackson at Chancellorsville.

But the strong personal interest inspired by the great captains of the South had little to do with mere dash and courage. It was due to qualities of a higher kind than those displayed in the brilliant exploits of cavalry leaders like Stuart and Morgan. It has been felt that, if the General reaped the honour of victories achieved under his command, it was because the fortunes of his army really depended on his personal character and conduct. Individual genius has seldom told more clearly and forcibly upon the destinies of a belligerent nation than in this contest. The successes of the North have been attributable, indeed, chiefly and above all, to the exhaustion of the Confederacy; but it may be doubted whether any other of the Northern Generals could have penetrated the secret of that exhaustion, and used it to such account, as Grant and Sherman did. The persevering obstinacy of Grant, the genius and daring of Sherman, have left the impress of their personal character on the result. It is probable that McClellan never would have ventured on the abandonment of his base and the flank march through Georgia, and that neither he, nor Meade, nor Burnside could have held on to the throat of their prey, despite wounds and repulses innumerable, with that fatal tenacity which finally compelled the surrender of Richmond. Still more marked is the influence of personal character on the fate of the Southern armies. We may well doubt whether the troops of Alabama, Mississippi, and the West were not originally made of as good material as those which formed the army of Virginia. Nor could the soldiers of the North-West be braver or more resolute than those who all but scaled the heights of Fredericksburg under the awful fire of the Southern batteries. But, while the Virginian campaigns bear in every feature the impress of Lee's generalship and Jackson's energy, in the disasters of the Western army we trace at every step the want of such a commanding, guiding, and organizing genius—of such a hand to execute the chief's design. After the fall of Sydney Johnston, who is admitted to have been second in ability to none, or only to Lee, nothing prospered with his army. Bragg's infirmities of temper and disposition, more than his ill-success, disgusted and disheartened his troops; Johnston was not left in command long enough to retrieve the mischief, and Hood's fatal rashness brought his cause to utter ruin. From the battle of Shiloh to the capitulation, only one effective success brightened the fortunes of the Western Confederates, and on that single occasion the victory was ascribed to the presence of Lee's second in command. With the departure of Longstreet everything fell back into the old routine of disaster and defeat. Again, in the defeat of Banks on the Red River, we find the same promptitude and military intuition which brought the same General—Kirby Smith—upon the Federal flank at Bull Run, and decided in favour of the South the first battle of the war. Everything seems to have depended on the General in command. Where Lee, or Jackson, or Longstreet, or one of the Johnstons commanded, with anything like adequate means, the South was almost invariably successful; in their absence she was almost invariably worsted, or gained an indecisive victory at a cost which made it a disaster. Lee was able with fifty thousand men to beat more than twice that number; Bragg, with the odds far less adverse, failed to win a single decisive victory, and lost the fruits of that which Longstreet won under his auspices. This personal prominence of individual leaders, this close connection between the several chiefs and the fortunes of their armies, gave to the war an interest which even those who cared least about its political aspect must feel; and will make it, in future generations, one of those fragments of history in which even children can find an interest, and with which the most careless student is familiar. Certainly no period of four years was ever so prolific of military reputations. It has been remarked, and with some justice, that no revolution ever produced so few men great in civil life—President Davis being the only statesman on either side who displayed more than second-rate ability. But it must be granted that no war so brief ever produced so many great soldiers. Two, if not three, of the Northern commanders have won a distinguished place in history; and we may be assured that, of the names recorded on the title-page of this volume, there are few which will not be regarded with romantic interest by our children's grandchildren.

We cannot honestly say that this work is likely to preserve their fame. It is little better than a careful composition of facts, anecdotes, and documents, gleaned from the newspapers or from the books of Southern visitors; and, though acceptable for the moment, cannot expect and does not deserve more than an



ephemeral existence. The author is hardly to blame for this; the lives of the Southern Generals cannot be properly written save by one who knows them and their country well, nor can they be written yet.

#### FACES FOR FORTUNES.\*

IF the sins of their offspring are to be visited on literary parents, the late Mr. Thackeray has much to answer for. A series of Roundabout Papers, or humorous and satirical sketches of men and manners, are amusing enough when their author has something to say or something definite to ridicule. But in the hands of a mere copyist, who apes the style without catching in the faintest degree the manner of his prototype and model, they become the dulllest and most wearisome reading possible. The demands of periodical literature have given an enormous impulse to this sort of writing. The number of authors who conceive themselves entitled, in a metaphorical sense, to put on dressing-gown and slippers and treat the public to chapter after chapter of desultory gossip about people and things in general and nothing in particular, is alarmingly on the increase. Confined to the limits of a magazine article, a vein of chit-chat is not unacceptable; but when expanded, as in this case, into the three regulation volumes of the circulating library, it threatens to become a serious nuisance. The detached and fugitive writings of a man of genius have a charm of their own; but they are dangerous models for the superficial imitator. Of all authors, says La Bruyère, the most difficult to imitate are those who write as the mood inclines them, who speak from the heart in language which the heart suggests, and who draw, so to say, from their own bowels all that they express on paper. "I should laugh," he adds, "at any one who should seriously try to speak in my tone of voice, or make his face resemble mine." A fabricator of small jocosities affecting the manner of a great humourist is an assumption no less ridiculous.

We should be quite at a loss to divine the purpose of the work under review if the author did not, in his laconic preface, explain it. Mr. Augustus Mayhew is, it seems, an ardent admirer of the fair sex. He thinks that "there is no sound in this world so beautiful as the laughter of women." "Girls' laughter" he prefers to sparkling Moselle. In the hope of hearing it, he tells us, this book has been written. He has no desire to contribute to the merriment of the male half of the species. The horse-laugh and loud guffaw of amused man have no charm for him. They jar on an ear sensitively attuned to the silver-toned melody of the female giggle. This last is the sole reward he covets for his labour of love. He hopes, let us observe, by his writings, not merely to promote the laughter of women, but himself to hear the laughter he excites. How he proposes to procure for himself this pleasure is not very clear, but we may suppose that in spirit at least, if not in bodily shape, he will be present when from boudoir and drawing-room a chorus of female cackling responds to his excellent fooling. We sincerely hope that he may not be disappointed. He has our best wishes for the success of his experiment on the risible organs of his fair readers. But, judging from its effect on our own, another and less flattering tribute from the facial nerves may be anticipated. We are much mistaken if even the proverbial good-nature of the fair sex will enable them to show their appreciation of three volumes of his wit by emitting "the most beautiful sound in this world." Leaving Mr. Augustus Mayhew's facetiae to take their chance with the fair constituency to which he so confidently appeals, we must frankly own, in our capacity of dull matter-of-fact male critics, that this work appears to us to be a particularly flagrant instance of bookmaking, as indeed we should expect to find any work composed avowedly with a view to procure for the author's ears the pleasurable titillation of female laughter. A Comic Almanac is endurable once a year. It is a part of the Christmas properties, and as such meets with an indulgent reception at that festive season of the year. But a Comic Almanac on a vastly enlarged scale, expanded into three octavo volumes, and stuffed with padding of the most heterogeneous kind—moral and social reflections, cockney jokes, whimsical anecdotes, and scraps of archæology culled from the pages of Hone or Timbs—is quite another thing, and is calculated to produce on the reader an effect the reverse of exhilarating. The philosophy of a Comic Almanac, as every one knows, consists in connecting the successive seasons of the year, no matter however spasmodically, with the tender passion, marriage, dress, amusements, or any other subject of interest to the young people of either sex. That Mr. Augustus Mayhew is thorough master of the approved style is clear from the remark that "February is a sentimental month, very favourable to marriage, but opposed to horticulture, so that, although the weddings during February are unusually numerous, no one in his senses would think of planting potatoes." April, we learn, is a month "which brings good luck to milliners and dressmakers, but breaks the heart of their customers." In June, Mr. Mayhew's mind still running on dress, "the sun," he observes, "is fierce, and Rowland advertises his Kalydor—you must dress in muslin or turn to cinders." September reminds him of "a splendid woman of about thirty-three, which is equivalent to saying that he admires the month excessively." October is an objectionable month, and "the most perplexing of the twelve for a lady who takes a proper pride in being the best-dressed pet of every

gathering." December is a month "unfavourable to affectionate outbursts, for the innate delicacy of man restrains him from making the ridiculous offer of a hand with frozen fingers, or from attempting advances towards a lady when the toes are fifty degrees below zero." This is a class of wit with which one has long been familiar, but in spite of its stereotyped character and, as we have intimated, its unseasonableness at the present moment, we much prefer it to the more ambitious pleasantries on which Mr. Mayhew ventures. The state of the marriage-market, for instance, has of late been much mooted, and a good deal of fun has been made out of it. The luxury of the clubs has been singled out as predisposing young men to celibacy. To be sure the topic is rather threadbare, but it is precisely on commonplace second-hand subjects that our author loves to exhibit his verbal smartness. He flatters himself that he has discovered the cause of this "unwholesome persistence in dogged celibacy." The simple truth is that we no longer live in the time of the great Samuel Johnson. The world has grown clever since he wrote that the necessity of marriage was that man was less able to supply himself with domestic comforts than woman. Probably Mr. Mayhew further flatters himself that in the following paragraph he has hit off Mr. Thackeray's style to a nicety:—

Young Tom the carpenter takes unto himself a wife that his twelve o'clock dinner may be hot and waiting for him; but young Aristo knows that at his club he can taste dishes which no fair Rosamond could concoct. Tom is kindest to his dear when the hearth is clean swept and supper ready; Aristo would have to renounce his palace and its luxury if Lady Rosamond were queen of his drawing-room. So long as the gay bachelor had to trust to the ordinary for his food and the tavern for his company, he might well sigh for the comforts of wedlock; but now he is emancipated from the tyranny of burnt meats and the lonely evening. To cook his dainties Signor Salmi turns back his wristbands—Signor Salmi, who wears diamond rings and keeps a brougham. The club furniture is richer than even that of my lord, his papa; the servants are more numerous; the library, the billiard-room, the cigars and coffee infinitely superior to anything fair Rosamond could imagine. There is company of the best and most renowned dons, carefully selected as dessert fruit, notables without a black-ball against their characters. We are more civilized than when the learned Samuel laid down the law; man can now supply himself with comforts much better than woman, and at such a cheap rate that he shies at a church steeple, and only makes love to tease the girls and pass the time pleasantly.

Mr. Mayhew evidently considers that in a work intended to amuse women variety is indispensable; so, though due prominence is given to the subjects of marriage and dress, all sorts of other topics crop up in his pages. He even flavours his *alla podrida* with a spice of serious writing. Thus, among gossip about the Dunmow Flitch, Kensington Gardens, and cockney life at Margate, we find a disquisition on the well-worn question of the future of the British governess. After finishing a rather sensational account of the hiring of that functionary, with the stock allusions to her carefully-stitched gloves, faded skirts, and frayed collar, and her cavalier treatment by the proverbially insolent footman, he asks why "these helpless girls do not pack up their boxes and pray God for a quick passage to Melbourne and Geelong"? Once out among "the oppressed homes of Australia" (whatever that may mean), not many days would pass before "temptation would beset them in the shape of honest solitary men, with miles of sheep-walks, falling on their knees and offering the most unconditional marriage." No doubt "unconditional marriage" anywhere would be a great boon to the governess, but then it never occurs to a philanthropist possessing the impulsive gallantry of Mr. Mayhew that a knowledge of Mangnall's Questions and the use of the globes is a poor training for life in the bush. Then, on the ground that everything connected with the profession of arms must be of interest to the fair sex, our author passes by a rapid transition to a comparison of the French conscription and the system of recruiting for our militia. He has had, it seems, opportunities for observing the process of enlistment on Hampstead Heath, and draws a very rosy sketch of the effects of beer on the Middlesex militiaman. To purge him of his former self-disrespect, money is put into the recruit's pocket, and he washes away his past misery with beer, "cleansing the inner man in that mental wash-tub of the poor—the pewter-pot." We do not grudge these Hampstead warriors their tippie; all we can say is that it would be well if the purifying effects of beer were not limited to them, but were more generally perceptible throughout the British army.

Ideas of humour differ so widely that, when a professedly humorous work comes under review, one naturally looks for indications of the author's notion of that quality. Mr. Augustus Mayhew evidently shares the prevalent delusion of Mr. Byron and other popular burlesque writers, that there is something very funny in putting a long word in place of a short one. According to this school of humourists, brevity is anything but the soul of wit, which consists in translating plain English into a string of obscure and far-fetched circumlocutions. There is nothing funny in calling a spade a spade, but dub it an agricultural implement, and it becomes exquisitely droll. Upon this principle, it may be surmised that Mr. Augustus Mayhew considers it a brilliant sally to describe a mouse as a "murine delicacy," and a lady who could not help sneezing as "not having sufficient presence of mind to conceal her sternutation," and a November fog as "sooty particles adhering to even the most polished brow or ivoryed aquiline." We gather from the context that by "ivoryed aquiline" is meant a lady's nose; but, grammar apart, what is the peculiar wit in calling a nose an "aquiline"? How, moreover, can a nose be properly described as "ivoryed"?—an epithet

\* *Faces for Fortunes*. By Augustus Mayhew. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

unpleasantly suggestive either of Madame Rachel or of a confusion of teeth with nostrils. But Mr. Mayhew's humour is by no means limited to mere periphrasis. He is constantly titillating his reader with a quick succession of small surprises. His favourite device for raising a laugh is to begin a sentence in a tone of mock gravity, and then suddenly bring it short up with a joke. There are few persons who have not at some time or other suffered under that social infiction, the virulently and inveterately facetious man, who is never, even by accident, grave two minutes together. Let him get you on what subject he may, he will insist on being funny. Perhaps you fancy for a moment he is going to be serious, when lo! a twinkle of the eye, a wink, or a grimace apprises you that he is true to his vocation, and that the respite from his unintermitting jocosities is but momentary. Mr. Augustus Mayhew, in his literary capacity, strongly resembles the pitiless *farceur* of real life. With smug self-complacency he sits down to manufacture "fun" out of every topic, however funless. He can make any number of bricks without straw. The feat would be really surprising if the jokes had more substance about them. As it is, they are of the mildest description, and facetiae of this kind can be easily multiplied to any extent. Take, for example, the following samples:—"We cannot remember a single instance of an offer of marriage having been made to a young lady while in the act of shopping." Or this—"Is there in all this world of London a more affecting sight than that of a man entering a linendraper's shop?" Or this—"Many a time have we thought of getting up a charitable society for the purpose of humanizing poets through the medium of one plain joint with bread and vegetables." If this be humour, it is humour of a rather incoherent kind. The male victim inveigled by a gentle violence into the meshes of a linendraper's shop is an intelligible object of banter; but what on earth is the connection between shopping and proposals, poets and plain joints? One can almost hear the author chuckling over such jaunty antithetical maxims as "Let the early bird catch its worm and be grateful, but also permit the late bird to enjoy its refreshing grub." Or this—"Shun evil companions and never lose your latch-key. Be moderate in your libations, and, though insured beyond your real value, carefully put out the candle." Mr. Thackeray excelled in ironical illustration; so Mr. Augustus Mayhew must needs follow suit with pointless rigmarole like the following:—"That paragon of elegance, Carlotta Grisi, once a star on earth and now in heaven, registered a vow that she would retire to a nunnery if Perrot, the best ballet-master that for ages has breathed, ever gave her a *pas seul* with a prestissimo movement—a threat which so affected the manager that he for weeks could eat nothing but dry toast." One more particular, which by the way we have not yet learned to associate with humour, remains to be noted. The platitudes which stud this book are really fine specimens of their kind; as, for instance, the propositions that "there is no instance on record of a girl being despised for dressing tastefully," and, "considered as a street, Oxford Street is decidedly not an attractive thoroughfare."

Looking to the author's express avowal of the final cause of his work, it is only fair to him to assume that his first consideration throughout has been to adapt his matter to the capacities of the class to whom it is more especially addressed. A well-known story is told of a certain witty counsel who boasted, when about to argue a point before the Barons of the Exchequer, that he had to blunt the edge of his legal acumen and bring it down to a level with theirs by copious draughts of porter. Probably Mr. Augustus Mayhew has found it needful to resort to some analogous recipe for divesting himself of his more robust humour, and enabling him to write down to the level of the girlish risibilities which he is so passionately bent on exciting. His strong meat he reserves for another time, and other readers; here we have only his milk for babes.

#### HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS IN THE VATICAN.\*

AT length the wonderful collection of historical documents which have been shut up in the Vatican Library for so many centuries is beginning to see the light. What may yet remain to be done, we cannot venture to conjecture; but we may well be thankful for the precious stores contained in the volumes which M. Theiner has now for five or six years past been issuing from the press *Rome, Typis Vaticanis*. The two volumes on Hungary which appeared in 1859 have been quickly followed by others illustrating the history of Russia and Poland, and by three volumes on the temporal dominion of the Holy See. And last, and by no means least interesting to us on this side of the Channel, has appeared the sumptuous volume which professes to relate to Irish and Scottish history. And thus, contemporaneously with our own publications of State-papers and ancient records, there is coming out a series of works which supplement, if they do not complete, the history of the period of which they treat. The idea of the work seems to have been suggested to the compiler of it several years ago by Dr. Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and accordingly the volume is

dedicated to the Primate of Ireland and Legate of the Holy Apostolic See. The mixture of Irish with Scottish documents is but indifferently accounted for by the two reasons which the editor assigns for the addition of the latter—namely (1), the singular zeal and devotion exhibited by the ancient Scots for the Catholic Church and the Roman pontiffs, together with the mutual good offices which passed between these two Churches in olden time; and (2) the fact that Scottish and Irish documents of the sixteenth century alike perished in that devastating schism when it was the interest of the preachers of the new learning to obliterate all traces of ecclesiastical antiquity. No doubt the latter of these two reasons may be pleaded with equal force for the insertion of a large number of documents which refer to England. With the editor's view, that they have a right to a place in his volume because they illustrate the history of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Arragon, we have no particular sympathy, but we must congratulate all persons interested in that period on their being now possessed of printed documents of the very highest value, as throwing a light upon the vexed questions of that reign.

The first five hundred pages of this splendid volume refer almost entirely to the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland and Scotland; but from the commencement of the pontificate of Leo X. and the reign of Henry VIII. they are almost as exclusively devoted to English history. We are not at all disposed to quarrel with M. Theiner for this arrangement, incongruous though it appears to be. The documents introduced between pp. 500 and 600 are in every respect the most important and most interesting in the whole work. Indeed, if the volume had only contained the letters in which Campeggio informs the Pope of the transactions which took place during the time of his holding the Legatine Court in England, we should have had much reason to be thankful for its publication. We have here detailed at length, and for the first time, the views of the Pope and his Legate; the difference of opinion which existed between the two Legates, the Cardinal of York and his Italian colleague; the successive interviews of the latter with the King and the Queen, the conversations that passed between them, and the proceedings of several of the days on which the Legatine Court sat in June and July, 1529. All this is of the highest importance, because of the want of original documents to refer to for evidence of what passed. Herbert had unquestionably seen many State-papers which have since been lost; and there is considerable difficulty in proving his correctness, though for the most part there is not much reason to doubt it. With the exception of the brief record in the Public Library at Cambridge, there is no detailed account of the proceedings of the Court to be found, as the Record Office has only part of the history of the trial—namely, that of the last few days, the earlier part having been lost; and the volume in the Cotton Library which contains some drafts of the proceedings has been dreadfully injured by fire. Regarded in this relation alone, the diary of Campeggio is of great importance; but the secret intelligence it contains is of the highest interest. For instance, we have here the information that Henry felt himself in a great difficulty owing to the known virginity of the Queen at the time of her marriage. If additional proof of this point is wanted after the revelations of the Simancas Records, we have here the confession of the Queen, made *sub sigillo* to Campeggio himself—a confession which she avowed again to him afterwards, and permitted and wished him to reveal to the Pope, though to no one else—that during the five months of their marriage she and Prince Arthur had occupied the same bed but seven nights, and that, at the time of her marriage with Henry, she was as pure as she came from her mother's womb.

The letters of the whole of this period are full of interest, and relate much more to domestic and political events than to ecclesiastical affairs. But we must postpone further notice of them, for we have much to say on the mode in which the publication has been executed. And now we must change our note of approval, and express our extreme disappointment at the style in which M. Theiner has executed his work. Let it not be thought we are undertaking a very difficult task when we venture to criticize printed documents the originals of which have probably never been seen by any one besides the editor and his amanuensis. If they had been well edited, the task of criticism would no doubt have been difficult. As it is, we regret to say that the get-up of the volume is shamefully slovenly and inaccurate. We have more means of knowing this than would at first sight have been thought likely. And first of all, though this is by no means the worst fault, the book is full of misprints. We were first struck with the capital letters at p. 607, where we are introduced to the documents *PONTIFICATUS* (*sic*) of Paul III. We turn back to the *argumenta* at p. xxxi., and find a letter of A.D. 1484 attributed to 1584. These mistakes are, of course, in themselves of infinitesimal importance, and would undoubtedly not be worth recording, if they were not—we regret much to say it—a specimen which fairly represents the whole work. After making due allowance for the faults of spelling in original documents which are printed exactly from the MS., we cannot be wrong in saying that the volume abounds in misprints and wrong readings. Whether this is due to the printer or the editor we do not pretend to determine, but the editor has enough to answer for on the score of carelessness if we should hand over these to the printer's account. Such a word as *gum* for *quum* is neither a recognised contraction nor a form of error into which a writer would easily fall; and unquestionably the secretary of Henry VIII. for the Latin tongue,

\* *Vetera Monumenta Hibernorum et Scotorum Historiam illustrantia, quae in Vaticanis, Neapolitana, ac Florentina Tabulariis deponuntur et Ordine Chronologico disposita Augustinus Theiner, Presbyter Congregationis Oratorii, Consistorii S.S. Congregationum Indicis Librorum prohibitorum, Episcoporum et Regularium ac Sancti Officii, Collegii Theologorum, Archigymnasii Romani, Academiae Pontificiae Archaeologiae, Herculanensis, aliarumque plurimarum Academicarum Socius, Tabulariorum Vaticanorum Praefectus, &c. &c. Ab Honorio PP. III. usque ad Paulum PP. III. 1216-1547. Romae, Typis Vaticanis 1864.*



when Peter Vannes held that office, was too expert in caligraphy and too experienced a grammarian to have committed such a blunder as *dolorem quam pro dolorem quem*. If any further argument is wanted, we will add that a copy of the particular document in which this latter mistake appears is among the Vatican transcripts in the Museum, without the grammatical error.

As regards mistakes which are unquestionably the editor's, we have to notice, first, the error which pervades the whole of the volume as regards English documents of the months of January, February, and March. We should have thought it incredible, if the evidence were not before our eyes, that any one could attempt to edit this class of documents without knowing the old English method of computing the beginning of the year at Lady-day. Yet so entirely is M. Theiner in the dark on this point that in every case he has arranged these documents in their wrong order; and, as if he particularly wished to call attention to his ignorance, he has placed a (?) against two or three of the dates which on his theory were perfectly wrong, as the date could not be made to square with the dates on other letters which he has printed. In point of fact, the present charge resolves itself, we may say enlarges itself, into an accusation against the editor of being profoundly ignorant of English history, both secular and ecclesiastical. We need not go far to substantiate our charge, even in the eyes of persons who may be disposed to condone the chronological ignorance of our editor.

It might fairly have been expected, we think, that M. Theiner, in his desire to illustrate the divorce, which he considers the sole cause of the disastrous separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, should have made himself acquainted with the names of the persons who figure in the cause. We need not tell our readers that Doctor Carne, or Kerne, played an important part as *excusator* at Rome. In this volume we always find him under the new designation of *Carne*. We can easily account for the fact by the resemblance which the *u* or *v* and the *n* present in the handwriting of Vannes, but we venture to suggest that the account of the fact offers no excuse for the blunder.

Again, there are other mistakes of greater importance, in the chronological arrangement of these letters, which can only be due to the grossest carelessness in transcribing and correcting the press. Thus, in the Italian record of Campeggio's journey to England, we have a very puzzling date assigned to a letter addressed by him to Cardinal Salviati from Paris in December, 1528. Now, as it is well known that Campeggio arrived in London in October, 1528, and never left this country for more than a year, the date is altogether wrong. There can be no doubt whatever that for December we should read September, and M. Theiner might have discovered this by a comparison of this document with the letter which immediately follows it in his own collection. And if his knowledge of history was not sufficient to keep him from falling into the mistake, his sagacity in reading his documents, if he had had any, might have served him in good stead.

We might enlarge our catalogue of mistakes to an almost indefinite extent, but we forbear. In spite of all its editorial blunders, the volume is a most acceptable addition to the series of original records that is issued in such rapid succession under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls. But assuredly the editor of the Vatican documents can bear no comparison with the calendarers employed to do a similar work for the State-papers deposited in the Record Office. Of the Irish and Scottish documents, which occupy much the larger portion of this volume, we purpose to give some account on a future occasion.

#### HORSE MANAGEMENT.\*

THE English people have been hitherto accustomed to take to themselves the credit of knowing something about horsemanship. But it would seem from the book now under notice that in breeding, breaking, training, stabling, feeding, and working horses, every one up to the present time has been entirely in the wrong; and Mr. Mayhew comes forward, in a volume of some six hundred pages profusely illustrated, to enlighten our ignorance, and, if possible, to put us in the way of doing better. Nobody would attempt to deny the humanity of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Mayhew in this work, and few even of the classes most exposed to his censure would care to advocate ill-usage or over-work of the animal which he has taken under his special protection. The author is a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and is therefore entitled to be heard with respect when he speaks of the structure of the horse, and of his treatment in disease; but there are some chapters of his book which deal with matters of which he has not necessarily any special knowledge, and which certainly seem rather to prove the soundness of a notion which the author combats with considerable energy, but which is likely, in spite of his efforts, to prevail more than he would desire among his readers—namely, that such matters are better dealt with practically than theoretically. Although the merits of Mr. Mayhew's book are great, we do not expect that it will obtain for its

author what he calls "the lucrative repute of being a purely practical man." He certainly deserves credit for lifting horse-breeding into what may be called a superior sphere. A stable, when Mr. Mayhew enters it, becomes a school of morals and religion, as well as of veterinary science. He delivers, in the course of his work, many ethical discourses, of which the substance is so excellent as to cause it to be regretted that they are insufferably tedious.

The first four chapters of the book are devoted to the anatomy, physic, shoeing, and teeth of the horse. It is only fair to state that on all these subjects Mr. Mayhew's experience as a veterinary surgeon enables him to give far more than theoretical information. The condemnation, in his second chapter, of the wanton manner in which medicine is often administered to perfectly healthy horses is very just. The chapter on teeth, which is profusely illustrated with diagrams, may be useful to those who wish to master the mystery of judging a horse's age by his mouth; but otherwise it is of very little use, and perhaps this accomplishment is not very needful for those who have not the opportunity of acquiring it practically from the animal itself. Mr. Mayhew's notions of feeding horses are on the whole correct, though he goes perhaps rather far in his advocacy of prepared and macerated food, and also in his assumption that hay, oats, and beans are always given wastefully and recklessly, and without any regard to the individual requirements of the animal. This objectionable feature of horse management is traced back in these pages to its origin, if not beyond it. Grooms, to be sure, are idle and vicious and ignorant, but it is to the grooms' masters and the education of those masters that this misapplication of forage is attributable:—

Reverends and dignitaries preside over places where, under pretence of being properly trained, youths are unchristianized. Most young men quit their tutors with the knowledge quickened; but where is the being who began life with the heart improved, or with a moral sense to guide him through the many obligations he was newly called to discharge upon his becoming a member of this world's society? The horse especially suffers under the consequences which result from the present evil tendency of the community.

From the subject of food the author goes to that of lodging, and it appears that, if the horses of the present day are fed on a wrong principle, they are housed on one which is still worse. In treating this part of the subject, however, Mr. Mayhew indulges in such sweeping denunciations of modern stables and the persons who have control over them, that it is impossible to believe that a well-conducted establishment was ever submitted to his inspection. It is taken for granted that every existing stable is ill-drained, ill-ventilated, and filthy. The sufferings of the poor animals in these "prisons" are most pathetically described, and the cruelty of grooms and masters is bitterly denounced. If Mr. Mayhew is to be believed, horses are alternately exposed to starvation and repletion, neglect and violence, and their lives are passed either in unwholesome confinement or in unreasonable work. Unfortunately there is some truth in the statement that stables in London and other large towns are not so spacious and convenient as might be desired, but that is an evil for which Mr. Mayhew does not attempt to point out a practical remedy. The opinion that a stable should be warm but not close, well ventilated but free from draughts, is so obviously correct that Mr. Mayhew need hardly have treated the subject exhaustively in two long chapters. In the next chapter, treating of "Stables as they should be," the writer, as he says, "is freed from all restraint. He has to describe things which exist only in his own imagination, not to depict any object which has been embodied as a reality, or which has been fancied by another individual." The first rule which he lays down for the construction of his ideal palace is that everything like a stall must be abolished. Instead of these "abominations" he would have loose boxes, each box to be eighteen feet square. Now it might be urged that in a box of such dimensions three horses could stand comfortably; and that, by such an arrangement, space, which in London at least is rather valuable, would be economised. But, without insisting on these points, it is open to question whether loose boxes are in all cases superior to stalls. A horse who is in steady work simply wants to remain quiet in the stable, and he can do this with comfort in a stall six feet wide, either standing or lying down. In the larger box he would choose one corner, and stay there without moving for hours. In the best hunting and racing stables in the country, where economy of space is of no importance, loose boxes are only used for sick horses or horses temporarily out of work, or for brood mares or stallions.

But the evils of the stable are trifles compared to the vices of the groom. According to Mr. Mayhew, the ordinary groom passes his time either drinking in pot-houses, ill-treating his horses in the stable, or contriving with neighbouring tradesmen to cheat his master. The book is full of engravings of grooms punishing their charges in every conceivable manner, and every evil that horsemanship is heir to is attributed to the misconduct of grooms. Mr. Mayhew, however, does not propose to cure grooms of their failings by overworking them. "Where one horse alone is kept, the groom should be placed over a lad, for a stable cannot be well managed with one pair of hands." The author proceeds to give directions as to how a groom of well-regulated habits should employ the hours between six o'clock, "when the door of the building should be punctually unlocked," and ten o'clock, when "the man goes to the house for the day's orders," which being obtained, he returns to the stable, "finishes the harness and cleans the carriage." It would hardly be wise for the owner of a horse to search Mr. Mayhew's book for a text wherewith to rebuke

\* *The Illustrated Horse Management; containing Descriptive Remarks upon Anatomy, Medicine, Shoeing, Teeth, Food, Vices, Stables; likewise a Plain Account of the Situation, Nature, and Value of the various Points; together with Comments on Grooms, Dealers, Breeders, Breakers, and Trainers; also on Carriages and Harness. Embellished with more than 400 Engravings, from original Designs made expressly for this work. By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S., Author of "The Illustrated Horse Doctor," and other works. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co.*

his groom; for if the groom were asked to look after a horse by himself, to get into the stable before six, or to have the carriage ready by ten o'clock, he might retort from the same authority with great effect. Mr. Mayhew's opinion of the horsemanship of masters is not high. He insists upon an hour's walking exercise being given to each horse between seven and eight o'clock. He says that grooms too frequently neglect this, and "gentlemen are not safe if they mount horses that have not received the morning's exercise." Indeed, throughout the book, the gentleman is earnestly entreated to take care of himself as well as of his horse. He is recommended, in case of returning home in bad weather, "as soon as he has taken off his boots and changed as much of his clothing as was wet, to return, bringing a quart of warm beer in a puttering dish"; and the lesson is enforced by an engraving of a gentleman in dressing gown and slippers, supplying that refreshment to a hooded and sheeted horse.

It is gratifying, however, to find, after the sweeping denunciations contained in the earlier part of the book, that there still remains a class of men connected with horses on whom the author can look with admiration and respect. The London horse-dealer is not a person to be approached rashly or treated with levity, and the *Family Herald* never strove harder to inculcate on the young and inexperienced the etiquette proper for the drawing-room or assembly, than does Mr. Mayhew to enforce propriety of demeanour on a gentleman who enters a dealer's yard. These preliminaries being accomplished, the customer who is no judge of a horse is encouraged to trust a good deal to the dealer, who "does not object to inexperience when it will rely upon his generosity, and confide itself to the more practical judgment of the tradesman." This advice is enforced in another passage which we have found very hard to understand, and which certainly falls strangely from the pen of this earnest professor of equestrian Christianity:—

The legitimate horse-dealers are, as a body, most honourable and highly respectable men. They are not all profoundly educated, though there are among them exceptions even in this respect; but, in their business with mankind, no class is more undervalued; no class is more exposed to annoyance; and no class can display a finer sense of probity. There is, perhaps, only one failing that could be justly maintained against the entire body; that one may not be denied, although it is easily excused. They are habitual liars in the way of trade; no horse-dealer can speak the truth concerning any animal he may possess.

The grave nature of the work forbids the supposition that any joke is here intended; and, indeed, we discover further on that Mr. Mayhew considers the mendacity of horse-dealers to be a natural and pardonable consequence of the cruelty of horse-owners and grooms, which he has denounced in the previous chapters of his book. All persons, he says, complain of the rogues that is mixed up with horse-dealing. The complaint is just, but it is not just that the public should utter it. "It is the general abuse and the inhuman treatment to which animal life is subjected that render such practices necessary. The cruelty and the roguery are associated as closely as cause and effect." The cure for the horse-dealer's only vice is to be sought in Christianity; but Mr. Mayhew recommends, not a direct, but a widely circuitous method of administering the dose. Instead of teaching horse-dealers to speak the truth, Mr. Mayhew would teach horse-owners to be gentle and considerate, so that horses might have no defects which would need lying on the part of those who deal in them to conceal.

Thus far Mr. Mayhew has scarcely ventured off the stones. In the latter part of his book he treats of the breeding-farm, the hunting-field, and the race-course; and he is ready in theory to remedy every fault that may be found there. Some of his suggestions have at least the merit of originality. "It might probably be profitable to keep the most promising foals sacred to breeding purposes. These foals, being selected and kept apart till the sixth year, might generate young which should sweep the land." No doubt they might; but then, again, they might not, in which case the six years of selection and separation would be rather thrown away; besides which consideration, which is perhaps too practical, most breeders prefer a sire who has proved himself a good horse to one whose sole claim to distinction rests on the promise of his youth and six years' inactivity. However, Mr. Mayhew proceeds to tell us that "Blood stock has been bred too fine; all the properties which formerly distinguished it are now deteriorated. The English racer demands the infusion of a little 'cocktail' into his lineage." The Jockey Club comes in for its share of censure. It "must not perpetuate the weakness of that animal which this society pretends to conserve." Of course he has something to say on the much-vexed question of weights and distances, and he cordially agrees with those who seem to think that the best way of converting a weak animal into a strong one is to put a heavy weight upon his back, and gallop him four miles instead of two. Most men, however, will concur with one of Mr. Mayhew's remarks on this part of the subject, although it is not so original as some others. He says that "sires should be chosen because of their stamina, their make, their thews, their muscles, and their general soundness." In treating of breaking-in the young colt, Mr. Mayhew has little to offer except to recommend kindness and firmness. It is hardly likely, however, that many farmers will adopt the plan of teaching a young horse to jump by turning him into a paddock with a low fence between him and his corn. No doubt "the boundary will soon be cleared"; but, being taught to break fences, he will hardly stop at one, and any farmer would rather give a colt away than keep one which no field would hold, and which would probably pass most of his time between the village pound and fields in which he had no

business, costing his owner something occasionally for damage done to standing crops. The colt, being by this ingenious device made a perfect jumper, should be taken in its seventh year into the active service of its master. On this point, however, the author is rather despondent of making converts, and fears that "many a decade must elapse before that which the book declares is practically carried out." He seeks an illustration of his theory in the hunting-field, and an extremely odd one it is. "The young gentleman who pays hundreds perhaps for his mount, and whose horse has been long under the trainer's care, is usually *nowhere* at the death, although he is at liberty to choose his way and regulate his pace according to his pleasure; whereas the huntsman, seated on a screw which has been hacked throughout the summer, is generally foremost in the chase." This passage will be news to some men who give long prices for their horses, and fancy that they know how to ride them; and M.F.H.'s and their huntmen will be astonished, and perhaps a little disgusted, on hearing that the latter are always mounted on "screws that have been hacked throughout the summer." The author explains the "seeming inconsistency" by adding that "the wealthy scion of aristocracy usually sits upon the young beauty, while the huntsman generally bestrides the aged animal." Now, "hundreds" are not given for hunters until they have acquired a two or three seasons' character, and Mr. Mayhew may rest assured that the sight of a spoozy-looking gentleman standing beside a dying horse, as represented in his engraving, is not a common one in the hunting-field. It would not be right to pass over this portion of the book without noticing a rather novel mode of ensuring success on the turf. Admitting racing as a sort of necessary evil, Mr. Mayhew declaims against trial gallops as unnecessary, and strongly recommends running horses untried. "The horse is tried at its utmost speed. These trials are frequent; although it is a common saying that a horse may be trained till he cannot move. . . . Men train as prize-fighters; but they do not, before entering the ring, engage in numerous pitched battles." One thing might be said in favour of Mr. Mayhew's recommendation—namely, that it would greatly enhance the present proverbially "glorious uncertainty of the turf"; and the only thing against it is the prejudice entertained by owners and trainers in favour of knowing something about the capabilities of their horses before backing them for much money.

This long and elaborate treatise could not be very briefly noticed, although we have only touched upon a very few of many points which seemed to provoke criticism. It is difficult to avoid laughing at the solemnity with which the author proceeds to trace those laws of horse-management which have their footsteps in the sublime heaven. Nevertheless, we would say to persons who are disposed to try to read Mr. Mayhew's work that, if they can endure its tediousness, they will probably derive benefit from the perusal. The chapter which explains how ignorant and cruel treatment often produces what is called "vice" in horses, may serve to impress upon owners who are not themselves culpable the necessity of looking more closely after their servants. If Mr. Mayhew could be induced to publish a selection of the more practical parts of his book, omitting particularly the Christianity, we think the result would be satisfactory.

#### THE WISE MEN OF GREECE.\*

THIS little volume is an evidence, added to so many others, of the vanity of human projects and the precariousness of human life. The writer had in contemplation a design scarcely less comprehensive or ambitious than that entertained by Macaulay when he purposed to write the history of his country from the accession of James II. down to a point within the memory of men now living. "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose." M. Garnier's plan comprised an historical and critical review of the ethical wisdom of the ancients, drawn from the earliest and most authentic monuments, from the scattered phrases and pithy apophthegms of the Wise Men of Greece down to the sedate and dignified saws of Marcus Aurelius. The course of this vast inquiry was marked out beforehand, not only by the more shadowy forms that stretched far back into the mists of antiquity, but by such better-known names as those of Socrates, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, and Plutarch. Nor was the history of morals the only object to be kept in view in this broad and deep exploration of the world of ancient morality. Besides collecting and expounding the ideas of those immortal writers upon the great problems of ethics, M. Garnier would, according to his wont, have drawn a practical conclusion from his conscientious study of the materials thus brought together, and have applied the light derived therefrom to the solution of two primary questions which suggested themselves to his mind. First, as to the nature of morality? Are our moral ideas the result of self-interest? are they inspired by feeling, or engendered by pure reason? Secondly, to how many primary and independent principles can those ideas be reduced? To these questions he hoped to be able, from an historical survey of the field of morality, aided by the critical powers of analysis and observation, to supply answers clear and satisfactory enough to invest the science of morals with a certainty not less than that of the mathematical sciences. Of this wide and praiseworthy design nothing exists but the fragment before us, which is interesting on more than one account. If only for the strictness of its analysis and the precision of its style, it

\* *De la Morale dans l'Antiquité.* Par Ad. Garnier, précédée d'une Introduction par M. Prévost Paradol. Paris: 1865.



is worthy of the editor of Descartes, and of the author of the *Traité des Facultés de l'Âme*, besides other valuable contributions to the study of psychology. The gnomic sages of Greece, Socrates, and Xenophon are the three subjects treated of in the present volume; and with M. Prévost Paradol, the author's friend and editor, we are conscious of a pang of regret when, "coming quickly to the end of our brief reading, we find the ground suddenly give way under the steps of one who had marked out for himself so long and so brilliant a career."

The sources from which we have to draw our knowledge of the early sages of Greece consist in the main, passing by Plato and Aristotle, of the fragments preserved by Stobæus. As for Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius, it is well known how greedily they pick up the most extravagant and marvellous stories, and how little pains they take to set out the authorities on which they rest. The authentic materials, then, of the present inquiry are but scanty, and call for much care and critical judgment in the sifting. We are not concerned thus far with the physical or cosmical theories of those lights of early wisdom, interesting as such a field of investigation would be in itself, and little as it has been hitherto tillied by really competent labourers. It is the moral teaching of those Wise Men of Greece with which we have to do. Seven is the number to which it has generally been the habit to reduce them—or rather to raise them, since one or two of their number have the air of having been squeezed by force into the sacred pale, and make no great figure in that august company. That number was probably due to some mystical analogy with the number of the planets or of the Pleiades, much as the labours of Hercules bear a relation to the months of the year, or to the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Of the personal histories of these worthies we have not much to say. Nor, as regards the authorship of the oracular sayings recorded of them, can we venture on assigning to each individual of the series those particular utterances which may be his. There is no agreement upon this subject among those who have handed them down. Certain of these maxims are attributed indifferently to all or any of their number. What we are really in search of is the general state of moral philosophy before the time of Socrates, and not the name of the author to whom any particular portion of that philosophy may be due.

The personages who are known as the Wise Men of Greece were not, like Socrates, professed teachers of morals. They were in general occupied with the affairs of public life. Solon, Pittacus, Cleobulus, Periander, were either legislators, or soldiers, or heads of the government of their country. Chilo held the office of Ephor at Sparta, and Herodotus tells us that he excited the admiration of his fellow-citizens by his predictions of political events. Diogenes Laertius states that Thales occupied himself with public affairs before devoting his life to study. It was he who induced the Ionians to form themselves into a general league, of which the meetings were held at Teos, which was nearly at the centre of all the cities of Ionia. Bias, for his part, was the means of preventing Croesus from making war upon the inhabitants of the Greek islands, by convincing him that nations of the same blood and language, instead of tearing each other in pieces, should unite against their common foe who was in Asia; and at the time of the expedition of Cyrus he gave to the Ionians the prudent counsel to retire to Sardinia. A learned professor of Gottingen half a century ago, Christoph Meiners, remarked with truth that the Wise Men of Greece resembled those old Romans whom Cicero has displayed to us acting as practical oracles to their countrymen, whether at their own hearths or in the open forum. Men like Titus Coruncanius, Marcus Cato, Sextus Ælius, the elder Crassus, and Q. Metellus were consulted not only upon affairs of state and questions of jurisprudence, but also upon points of private and personal interest—upon the marriage of a daughter, or the purchase of a piece of land, or the best method of agriculture; and Cicero adds that the title of sage, *sapiens*, was formally decreed by the Romans to certain of those personages. We learn from the Protagoras that all the early sages of Greece were admirers, and in fact disciples, of the Lacedæmonian style of education. All held opinions of the same kind, so that we have no need to inquire critically into the doctrines of any one of their body in particular. And they loved to express themselves in short, concise, and pithy sentences, which might be easily retained, and which readily passed into proverbs. The same dialogue goes on to say that some of them, being assembled together on one occasion, dedicated to Apollo the two maxims which they looked upon as forming the beginning of wisdom, and which they caused to be inscribed upon the Temple of Delphi—*γνῶθι σεαυτόν*, and *μηδὲν ἄγαν*. One marked feature of this didactic kind of morality was its enigmatical character—a feature which it shared indeed with the teaching of the gnomic sages among the Hebrews, as we see in the case of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. Such, too, was doubtless the fashion with that Sabeian race whose Queen came to try the wisdom of Solomon with questions of which apocryphal specimens have come down to us through the Talmudical writers. The statement of Plato above referred to reminds us of the Chinese practice of suspending in the temples tablets on which are written, in ornamental letters, chosen texts from Confucius and other great authorities, the greater part of which have an obscure or double sense, as, for instance, "When the tree falls its shadow disappears"—an aphorism upon parasites. "Eating stolen meat without wiping the lips" points to the rogue who is not well up to his profession. Besides the use of enigma, the moral wisdom of antiquity often

clothed itself in a poetical dress. We have still some fragments of the rhythmical proverbs of Solon. Theognis, Phocylides, and Simonides are as much philosophers as poets. Again, through poetry, primitive wisdom connected itself with allegory and fable. Æsop is the best-known embodiment of this portion of the moral teaching of Greece. Socrates, on the point of death, occupied himself with putting some of the fables of Æsop into verse, and Plato, treating this fabulist as a true sage, admitted him into his Republic, while excluding from it Hesiod and Homer. But Æsop was not the only Greek who wrote fables. Hesiod, Archilochus, and Stesichorus had written them before him. These compositions had a graver purpose than that of merely amusing the mind or edifying the young. They frequently contained the pith of a whole policy or course of public action, and in this respect were admirably characteristic of those early sages who, as we have seen, were not so much theoretical or speculative moralists as practical men who managed the affairs of their country. It is thus that Stesichorus related to the people of Himera the fable of the horse and the stag, to put them on their guard against Phalaris of Agrigentum. With a similar design, Æsop treated the Samians with the story of the fox tormented by flies. The fox, he tells them, would not brush away the insects which were already gorged with his blood, because they would only make way for fresh ones who would suck all the more. A memorable instance of the same kind of warning to the multitude is that of Menenius Agrippa in the history of Rome. There is also the well-known Scripture parallel of the fable of Jotham. Nathan's rebuke to David furnishes an instance of the same sort, though of a more personal kind.

From the form of the early morality of Greece M. Garnier passes on to its substance, and proceeds to develop the principles of its teaching. These, as we have said, are by no means to be found enunciated in any formal system. They are not even reduced in any sense to a code of practice. They neither sound the depths of ethical truth, nor attempt the slightest reduction to method. At the best, they consist but of a multitude of isolated maxims, thrown out apparently at random and *pro re nata*, yet embracing in their totality a very complete manual of conduct, and implying on the whole a sufficiently lofty standard of morals. Under the general idea of morality or duty—in Greek *ῥᾷσικον*, in Latin *officium*—those early sages embraced in particular two separate notions; first, a reference to the feeling of right, *ῥᾷστέλεια*; secondly, a reference to that of interest, or what was in the broadest sense useful or expedient, *ῥᾷσέριον*, *utile*. Their aim was not merely to make men individually upright, pure, and virtuous, but to make them also, in the public relations of life, prudent, energetic, thoughtful, and useful to their country. A citizen should not only abstain from vice, or roguery, or violence in his own person; he should not make himself, nor suffer another to be made, the victim of force or the dupe of imposition. The ideal to be kept in view was that of the ancient demigods and heroes, the deliverers from monsters and oppressors of all sorts. A spice of chivalry of a rude but healthy type is thus discernible in not a few of their favourite maxims. Virtue for its own sake, contempt for bribes and baits of pleasure, succour for the distressed, moderation under good fortune, patience and fortitude under trials, were among the first precepts of the code. Not that self-denial was pushed to the lengths to which we have seen it extend in later systems of morality. "Meet force with force," "Keep what is thine own," "Speak well of thy friend, but not of thine enemy, for that is absurd," are precepts which jar upon the ear attuned to a very different rule of life. The famous counsel, attributed perhaps with strictest propriety to Chilo, "Love thy friend as though he may some day be an enemy, and hate an enemy as though he may some day be a friend," was justly censured by Cicero, as embodying the principle of selfishness, to the exclusion of that of love and confidence, on which society must ever rest. It is obviously due to an excessive admixture of that element of "prudence" which held so prominent a rank among the allowable motives of heathenism. Our word "prudence," at the same time be it remarked, ill expresses the *prudentia* or *σοφία* of antiquity. Of the four parts into which virtue was most generally divided—namely, intelligence or good sense, temperance, courage, and justice, the last head including benevolence and piety—the first was that which Socrates, with all classic moralists to Cicero downwards, understood by *σοφία*, *prudentia*, *indagatio veri*, the general culture of the faculties. That which by us is more familiarly referred to the reasonable or logical part of man's nature was thus by them connected immediately with the province of the passions or emotions, as the chief regulator, guide, and safeguard of human conduct. Of a nature touching more upon the æsthetic chords in the being of man was the appeal so characteristically made at all times to the sense of what was decorous, noble, and in good taste—*ῥᾷσκάλον* with the Greeks, and with the Romans the more grave and self-contained *decorum*. The mystic vein which makes itself felt so strongly in the moral and religious systems of the East, and which found its way into the teaching of Pythagoras, was not so potent in its affinity for the Greek mind as that ascetic temper which extended to the neglect of the body and the renunciation of worldly pleasures. The keynote which found its strongest and latest echo in the savagery and squalor of the Cynic was struck from the first in that caution against excess which, with its twin maxim of the knowledge of self, the austere wisdom of old Greece inscribed over the shrine of Delphi.

Upon the topics of family life, marriage, slavery, and religion,

the utterances of these "saints and sages hoar" afford scope for reflections of deep interest. As brought together by the industry and critical skill of M. Garnier, they are made to throw much new and valuable light upon the foundations of morals and of social life in Greece. We have left ourselves no room to enter upon his account of the more formal teaching of Socrates and Xenophon. These portions of the work, however, if less novel in point of matter than the first, are treated with a degree of knowledge and power which makes us feel all the more keenly the abruptness with which the volume closes.

#### SPAIN FROM 1788.\*

THE political as well as the commercial relations between this country and Spain have always been of so peculiar a nature that it is strange how little study is bestowed upon the history of a nation which, without a somewhat close inquiry, remains to all appearance unintelligible and chaotic. Spain has certainly never been held to be, like Austria, our "natural ally"; nor, on the other hand, has she generally been considered, like France in the good old times, our "natural enemy." During the last hundred years the number of wars in which we have been involved against her nearly equals the number of alliances into which we have entered with her; and to the present day opinions are divided as to whether it is the duty of our statesmen to watch the apparent revival of her power with a jealous eye or to cease to irritate her by holding Gibraltar. The history of the Peninsular War contains in itself an epitome of the changes in English public opinion on the subject of Spain which it might be well worth while to mark distinctly. At first the Spaniards were, in every sense, regarded as lions; as allies, we discovered them to possess characteristics not always emphatically leonine; and, in the end, the bond of union sealed by a common effusion of blood was severed with something not unlike feelings of mutual disgust.

The enthusiasm with which the British Parliament and nation hailed the great up-rising of Spain against her invaders in the year 1808 is perhaps without a parallel even in the history of British enthusiasm. It seized upon all ranks of men and all political parties; upon Canning and Sheridan, the King and his Ministers, upon the audience in the Opera and the mob in the streets. The marvellous extravagances, and at one time the fatal inaction, of the many-headed Spanish Government cooled it in the course of a single year; and when it was revived by Sir Arthur Wellesley's victories, it was no longer an enthusiasm on behalf of the Spanish people, but a feeling of national pride and interest in the progress of our own arms. The British Commander-in-chief subsequently opposed himself directly to the wishes of the chosen instrument of the will of the Spanish nation—the newly-assembled Cortes with their new-fangled constitution; and when the Bourbons were restored, our interest in Spain and the Spaniards went to sleep again for many years, till it was reawakened by a new and different excitement. At the present moment, a very limited attention is bestowed upon the wearisome turns and twistings of Spanish policy, with the exception of occasional speculations as to what is humorously termed Spanish finance—a system which may be defined as an endless succession of fruitless confiscations. Laymen and clerics, the Church and the Queen, are one after the other forced, with better or worse grace, to cast their landed property into the maw of a yawning deficit; every successive sacrifice is proclaimed in accents of conscious pride by the Ministry which has been lucky enough to bring it about during the brief period of its own existence; but nevertheless the deficit remains. Meanwhile, Spain continues, except in the eyes of certain of her own publicists, to be a Power with little or no real influence upon the course of general history; though she has repeatedly of late years shown a desire to recover something of her old European position.

The downfall of the political power of Spain is perhaps the most instructive lesson in the annals of modern times. And this not so much on account of any moral to be drawn from it, for that is a use to which history should but very sparingly be put; but because in this instance we may fairly be said to have the whole case before us. The system by which Charles V., and in a still greater degree Philip II., consolidated the fabric of despotism in Church and State is now no longer a secret to the world. Philip's measures as well as his method of government have been laid bare to the judgment of posterity, and it is as impossible to avoid perceiving what were his objects as to fail in recognising the means by which he actually succeeded in securing them. The constitutional safeguards of ancient Spain were by him and his father wholly and finally removed; and the dawnings of modern political thought, which formed a necessary accompaniment to the revolt against the absolute dominion of the Church in all spiritual matters, were by them wholly and finally extinguished. The reaction under Philip III. was neither important nor lasting, and the other Spanish monarchs of the Hapsburg line blindly followed in the wake of their predecessors. When the country passed into the hands of the Bourbon dynasty, it had fulfilled the mission which Charles and Philip had imposed upon it; it had saved the Church of Rome and exhausted itself, apparently for ever, in the effort. The reign of the first Bourbon king, which lasted for six-and-forty years, effected no real change in the political and religious system of the Spanish

monarchy; for the few reforms which his reminiscences of the French system at first inclined him to favour soon sank beneath the weight of the ecclesiastical influence, which continued to maintain itself paramount in the monarchy. Ferdinand VI. was as obedient a pupil of the Jesuits as his predecessor; but the fifteen years of peace which his reign gave to the country in some degree revived its material prosperity and resources of defence. His successor, Charles III., on the other hand, seemed likely to open a new era for Spain. Trained in the art of government by a long experience in the kingdom of Naples, he was determined to be a king in fact as well as in name, and the expulsion of the Jesuits gave evidence of the spirit in which he was resolved to act. His Ministers conducted the government for the benefit of the nation, instead of in the interest of the Church; and had he but possessed the wisdom necessary to keep him out of costly and useless wars, he might have left behind him an even more promising inheritance than that to which his son, the ill-fated Charles IV., succeeded, in an evil hour for his country and himself.

It is at this point that, in the opinion of M. Hermann Baumgarten—whose able *History of Spain from the Outbreak of the French Revolution to the Present Times* is now before us—a marked epoch in Spanish history may be said to commence. His work forms part of a very praiseworthy series of histories of the States of modern Europe during the last fifty years, now in course of publication by an enterprising German house. These popularly-written narratives—among which Dr. Reinhold Pauli's interesting sketch of the history of our own country has attracted especial notice—form, as it were, branches of the tree of which Professor Gervinus' voluminous *History of the Nineteenth Century* constitutes the parent trunk. The task which has fallen to the lot of M. Baumgarten, and for which he was well prepared by previous studies in the same field, is by no means the easiest among the number. He has, in our opinion, acted wisely by adding to its burden, and commencing his history of modern Spain with the reign of Charles IV. The French invasion and the resistance opposed to it are alike unintelligible without a preliminary inquiry into the causes which rendered the one possible and made the other as heroic as it appeared desperate. The deposition of the Bourbon dynasty by Napoleon, an act of insolence and violence unparalleled even in his career, finds a partial explanation in the character of the Government from which it was his professed intention to relieve Spain; and the enthusiastic adherence of the nation to the exiled and worthless Ferdinand, accompanied at the same time by a conviction that even his restoration must be combined with the establishment of new and fundamental safeguards, is accounted for by the circumstance that he was the heir of Charles IV. and the enemy of Godoy.

General assertions are proverbially unsafe, and perhaps in no case more so than in the comparison of the claims of different governments and Ministers to the palm of general and absolute badness. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that the government of Charles IV., or, in other words, the reign of Godoy and his minion's minions, was the worst, the most corrupt, and the most incompetent with which any nation of modern Europe has ever been cursed. In its origin it was as base as the rule of Potemkin in Russia; yet Potemkin never held absolute sway over the dominions of a woman who very accurately distinguished between her feminine and her Imperial honour. In its conduct it was feebler than the feebleness of Choiseul, Richelieu, and the other Ministers of Madame de Pompadour and Madame Dubarry, and more corrupt than their corruption. At home, Godoy's and the Queen's sole object from the first was to overthrow, by intrigue or by violence, all those who under the preceding reign had been slowly but surely guiding the nation out of a two centuries' slough of despond. Floridablanca, Aranda, and Campomanes, men of very different degrees of political honesty and personal honour, yet all of them statesmen who had the good of the nation at heart, were successively removed. Abroad, Godoy's policy drifted to and fro between a childish resistance against and a base subservience to the dictates of France. When the indignant enthusiasm of the Spanish nation, aroused by the execution of Louis XVI., placed him at the head of a unanimous nation against a distracted enemy, he utterly mismanaged an easy war, and concluded it by a shameful peace—that of Basle—which procured him his ridiculous title of Prince of Peace, while it tied the nation down to an absolute alliance with the very Power from which it had all to fear and nothing to hope. When, under the First Consul, the French Republic had attained to a power which made its allies its tools, Spain reaped the fruits of this policy at Trafalgar. And after a silly and hopeless attempt to obtain for himself a vassal's throne, accompanied by a series of treacherous intrigues against the legitimate heir to the Spanish crown, the fatuous schemer rose to the sham dignity of a theatrical patriot, and ventured to declare war against the absolute master of his and his royal patron's fate.

These features of Godoy's misrule are well known to all students of European history; but M. Baumgarten has, in the course of his narrative, added many particulars from Spanish sources as to the administrative system pursued by the Minister. The following extract is worth quoting at length, as a sufficient illustration of the management of the Spanish finances at the time when Godoy's influence was at its height:—

Thus the State fell into more and more hopeless confusion. At the end of the year 1799 Soler, Minister of Finance, stated in a *mémoire*: "The obliga-

\* *Geschichte Spaniens vom Ausbruch d. franz. Revol. bis auf unsere Tage.* Von Hermann Baumgarten. 1 Th. Leipzig: 1865.



tions of the Treasury from the 1st of September to the last of December of the past year amount to 555 millions [reals]; the receipts for the same period will amount to 204 millions." Accordingly, four months gave a deficit of 351 millions. With regard to the same year Lafuente mentions a Budget detailing the expenditure as follows: the Royal Household absorbed 105 millions, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs 46, the Ministry of Justice 7, that of War 935, that of Finance 427, of the Navy 300; sum total, 1823 millions. Opposed to this expenditure was an income of about 600 millions. These figures show at a glance the essential character of the Government. At a time of unexampled want the Court uses up more than a sixth part of the total revenues, while the Ministry of Justice, whose department at that time included the entire civil administration, with the exception of the finances, has to remain content with one-eighth part of the revenues. That the navy used 300 millions at the time of the naval war with England is intelligible; but how did it happen that the Ministry of War required the enormous expenditure of 935 millions in a year in which the army certainly did not number 50,000 men? In order in some measure to solve this difficulty, it must be remembered that the greater part of the military budget was swallowed up by the officers, and that the incredible number, particularly of the superior officers, did not depend on the strength of the army, but on the fancy of the Court. As this was, after all, a time of war, the favourite's administration found it most convenient to provide for its creatures in the army. Thus in October 1802, in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Asturias, there were named at one blow 57 field-m Marshals and 26 lieutenant-generals, and many hundreds of colonels; and a conclusion may be drawn from what was then done, in the midst of peace, as to what the Queen and Godoy ventured upon in a time of war. . . . As early as the month of August 1793, Godoy as Minister, Councillor of State, Captain-General, and Captain of the Guard, drew the sum of 803,176 reals; since then he had become Grand-Cross of all the Spanish orders, Secretary of the Queen, Superintendent-General of Roads and Mails, Director of the Academy of Art, the Museum of Natural History, the Botanical Garden, the Chemical Laboratory and the Astronomical Observatory, all of them dignities which assuredly brought in something besides honour; and finally, he drew an annual rental of more than a million from the public lands bestowed upon him in 1795; in short, his income was greater than that of all the judges in the country together.

The Prince of Peace, as is well known, after narrowly escaping the just reward of his services at the hands of the mob at Aranjuez, lived to a green old age in comfortable retirement at Paris, whence he favoured the world with his Memoirs, the mendacity of which it appears to be a great consolation to M. Baumgarten to be able incidentally to expose. The events connected with the deposition of the Royal family by Napoleon, as well as the miserable readiness with which Ferdinand, after a spasmodic attempt at a manful resistance, acquiesced in his degrading lot, are related with much force; but we have no space left to dwell upon them. Neither are we able to do more than refer to the second half of this volume, which proceeds to narrate the revolt of the Spanish nation against its invaders and the course of the Peninsular war. M. Baumgarten has shown a sound judgment in occupying himself less with its military history, with which previous hands have already familiarized us, than with an account of the proceedings of the National Government, the Provincial and the Central Juntas, the successive Regencies, and lastly, the new Cortes of Spain. Much interesting information has been collected and digested by him as to the first debates of that body on the Isla de Leon, and as to the "Utopian" Constitution, including a free press, which it bestowed upon a nation in the agony of a struggle for existence. But though belonging in point of time to the period of the war, the history of the new Spanish Cortes forms the introduction to another epoch in the history of Spain with which future volumes of this work will have more specially to deal. In his second volume it will be M. Baumgarten's task to show how Spain issued forth from the terrible struggle through which her own patriotism, the military genius of her ally, and the fatal errors of her foe successfully carried her, only to meet new difficulties and disappointments. The blame of these should perhaps be only partly placed to her own account, while the greater share rests on the heads of those who had moulded the character of her previous history.

#### A NEW TRANSLATION OF A KEMPIS.\*

THE incorrect and foolish title given to this translation will prepare the reader for the blunders in the text and the impertinence of the notes. If the translators themselves had not stated that they considered *Like unto Christ* to be a more correct rendering of *De Imitatione Christi* than the old-fashioned "On the Imitation," or "On the Following of Christ," we should have taken the words they have adopted to be a kind of sensation heading, suggestive of Low Church proclivities and of "adaptations" to suit that pure and undefiled Protestantism which knows little of Latin and still less of Greek. The translators are, however, to be acquitted of anything so offensive and absurd, their faults being simply of the literary kind. Why they took it into their heads to publish a version of the most oft-translated book in the whole world, inferior to the most recent translations which still supply the English market, it is difficult to guess. As reckoned up by Languisais, in 1828, the various editions and translations of the *Imitation* amounted to more than two thousand. Languisais himself saw in the Vatican Library translations in the Catalan, Castilian, Flemish, Portuguese, Dutch, Bohemian, Polish, Greek, English, Hungarian, Illyrian, Japanese, Chinese, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Persian, and other languages.

\* *Like unto Christ*. *De Imitatione Christi*, ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. A New Translation. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

So the present translators tell us in their preface, which we are glad to say is good and interesting. Among these versions the English are not the least, though far from being the most numerous. Perhaps the most agreeable of them, so far as mere reading goes, is that by the Roman Catholic bishop Challoner, a man of the older school of Catholic divines, who had small taste for Mariolatry, and rejected the Ultramontane notions about the Pope, and so might be expected to have a healthy taste for good and idiomatic, though somewhat formal, English. In examining, however, the claims of this fresh effort, we shall prefer to place it side by side with the two most recent versions now in special favour with the Protestants and Roman Catholics respectively of the present day. The newest Protestant version, attributed to the author of the *Christian Year*, and published by Parker at Oxford, is one of the best that we know of, though occasionally feeble and stiff. The newest Roman Catholic version, published by Burns, is also on the whole good, but it is without vigour, and the translator (formerly, we believe, an Oxford man) is now and then hardly at home with the mediæval Latin phraseology. He has, moreover, disfigured his mother tongue by adopting certain barbarisms known only to that almost extinct class of Roman Catholic writers who knew thoroughly neither English nor Latin, and whose Greek and Hebrew were scarcely on a par with the attainments of the Palmerstonian bishops of the past. This edition, at the same time, has the advantage of reproducing, though with a diminution in boldness of cutting, the wood engravings of a very readable edition of the Latin, issued in 1847 at Dresden, with the names of Williams and Norgate as the London publishers. Considering the washy, effeminate, and forced sentiment of the majority of modern religious prints, when they are not a grotesque copy of middle-age eccentricities, it is a relief to turn to these few honest, forcible, and suggestive cuts.

As for *Like unto Christ*, it supplies so many proofs of the translators' incompetence that one wonders again and again what can possibly have induced them to exercise their powers of misunderstanding on so venerable a subject. If the reader cares to see what can be done in the way of gratuitous blundering, let him turn to the first chapter of the second book, where the copy before us chances to open. Here, in the very first paragraph, the translators have achieved the following masterpieces of heedlessness and incompetence. "Dominum" they have translated "God"; "et videbis" becomes "then shalt thou see"; "quod" is turned into "and"; "dignam mansionem," the grand and speaking phrase in the original, becomes the bald and auctioneering "a suitable abode"; "within" is supposed to be equivalent to "ab intra," and so half the meaning is lost; while for the profoundly mystical and poetic phrase "ibi [Christus] complacet sibi," they give us "there he pleases to be!" with the note of admiration actually thus thrust in. The closing words of the paragraph, "familiaritas stupenda nimis," appear as "wonderful his condescending friendship." The rendering of this same paragraph is a favourable specimen of the skill of the Oxford translator; while the Roman Catholic version of its concluding sentence is simply disgraceful.

Let us see, next, what the new translators make of sentences presenting something like an exercise for a little ingenuity and special skill. Turning a page or two, in the sixth paragraph we light on the following lucid and curiously-punctuated sentence:—"He who loves Jesus and loves truth is himself true and, free from inordinate desires, can turn freely to God, and, in spirit elevating himself above himself, enjoy peace." Whether by way of satirizing their own performance, or from sheer want of taste, the translators append to this sentence the appropriate footnote:—

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

Conceive an editor illustrating Thomas à Kempis with "parallel passages" like this! Turn we now to the Latin:—"Amator Jesu et veritatis, et verus internus et liber ab affectionibus inordinatis, potest se ad Deum libere convertere et elevare se supra seipsum, in spiritu ac fructive quiescere." But that we are too painfully familiar with the feats of translators in general, we might have marvelled by what possible process "verus internus" could have been transformed into "is himself true." The translators are evidently unacquainted with the technicalities of the school of ascetic writers of whom A Kempis is the prince and the pattern. Doubtless it is difficult, if not impossible, to find any idiomatic English phrase for the ideas which are expressed by the terms *internus*, *interior*, and others of the same derivation, which so often occur in the devotional and mystical books in favour in the Roman Church. In the Oxford version before us the *verus internus* appears as a "true inward Christian"—an unpleasantly sounding set of words, whatever may be said in its defence. The original idea embodied in these terms is a result of that intensely German passion for drawing a line of demarcation between the inner and the outer life of man which finds so little sympathy with the contemptuous and more business-like Englishman, and we should not be surprised to learn that its systematic adoption by Catholic spiritual writers is chiefly owing to the influence of the German mystical school. Be this as it may, our island English has, until lately, possessed no word for that hidden, silent, self-contemplating, though not necessarily morbid, life of the mind which is carried on from stage to stage of an elaborately developed history, and displays itself only by the compulsion of circumstances to the world without. We are now,

indeed, getting accustomed to talk about a man's "inner life" with a sort of hesitating timidity, as though afraid of those imputations of Teutonic transcendentalism from which the genuine Briton so instinctively shrinks. English Roman Catholics, with their usual superficiality of perception, have been content to drag in the Latin by the head and shoulders; and, as in the passage before us, they expect us to read about "a true interior person," and be edified by the barbarism. In the preceding sentence the Anglicised Latin reads even more offensively. For "interiora Jesu" the translator can give us nothing better than "the interior of Jesus." It is, indeed, incomprehensible that persons accustomed to the unaffected and simple force of the authorized version of the Bible (granting everything in reason about its incorrectnesses) should bring themselves to quote, like Archbishop Manning and others, from that singular corruption of their mother-tongue known as the Douay Bible—a version, it need hardly be added, which shares nearly all the blunders of King James's Anglican version. Can we believe that Dr. Newman, in the pulpit of the Birmingham Oratory, could read out with unsmiling countenance the following verse from "the Song of Deborah":—"The mother (of Sisera) looked out at a window, and howled, and she spoke from the dining-room"? It is said that Oxford converts are not generally very fond of English prayers in Roman Catholic churches. Can it be wondered at, when they would be forced to read, with unshaken gravity, of "The business that walketh about in the dark invasion, and the noon-day devil," as a translation of the sixth verse of the ninety-first Psalm?

It is, however, bootless to look for refinement in cases of difficulty from a writer who, like the Roman Catholic translator of the *Imitation*, has carried away so small an amount of Oxford scholarship as to palm off "Thou wouldst care but little for thy own convenience" as an exact rendering of "De proprio comodo nihil curares." Of course nothing better is to be looked for from the translators of *Like unto Christ*, whose knowledge of Latin can help them to nothing better than "If thou hadst felt, even in a small degree, the depth of His love," as the meaning of "Si modicum de ardenti amore ejus sapuisses." But it is a dull and endless work to note their mistakes, whether large or small, for they are as interminable as their foot-notes, which, chiefly consisting of Scripture texts, are *mal-à-propos*, and therefore impertinent. We do not take up a book like the *Imitation* with the wish to have our attention distracted by finding at the bottom of every page a crowd of references to the various parts of the Bible which happen to strike the translator as similar in phraseology to the text of A Kempis. A theological criticism of the doctrines and opinions inculcated by this greatest of spiritual writers would be doubtless, if well done, a thing of much interest in many ways. But in a mere translation these references are simply superfluous, like this translation itself when compared with its predecessors.

That the *Imitation* should be the most universally translated book in the world, next to the Bible, is indeed little to be wondered at. It is difficult to define its charm, but that this charm exists, and is absolutely unrivalled, is not to be denied. Its power is confessed, and its words are loved, adopted, and appropriated by men of every school in Christianity, and even by those, like Rousseau, who can only be called disciples of Christianity by the most liberal interpretation of terms. Minds the most averse to the ascetic theory of religion, the most incredulous as to the claims of orthodoxy, the most averse to the dogmas of transubstantiation and sacramental efficacy, enter heart and soul into its passionate cries. For they find in them the voice of human nature struggling in its weakness, its disappointments, and its consciousness of a capacity for a life that shall be a real life, and not a fever, when the cage is broken and the veil is rent asunder. Moreover, there is a singular healthiness, and a clear, pure honesty and simplicity in these sad and yet fervid exclamations and meditations, which contrast not a little with the morbid unrealities and exaggerations which too often render what are called "spiritual books" repellent to the shrewd judgment and the cultivated taste of educated men. Religious writings, however well-meant, and proceeding from whatever school, are so rarely free from conventionalisms of thought and manner that it is scarcely too much to say that they are one and all unreadable. Exceptions may be made. The *Christian Year* is a readable book, and very much more than readable. And it is no slight testimony to its merits that it is liked, and valued, and known by heart by many and many a person to whom all prose religious writings, save this unapproachable *Imitation*, are a source of weariness and something very like disgust.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MR. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that his FIFTH ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will commence at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Monday, August 7. Private Boxes, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Promenade, Amphitheatre Stalls, and Amphitheatre, 1s.

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WILL CLOSE THIS DAY (SATURDAY, JULY 29). SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 PALL MALL.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, to which has been added ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURE of "A Family of Deer crossing the Summit of the Long Rocks" (Forest of Fontainebleau), is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Institution of the Degree of DOCTOR OF LITERATURE (D.Lit.) having been decided on by the Senate and approved by Her Majesty's Government, the Regulations relating thereto may be obtained on application to the Registrar. The Revised Regulations relating to Degrees in Laws may also be obtained on application to the Registrar. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar. Burlington House, London, W., July 29, 1865.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELECTION.—FREDERICK MORSHEAD, M.A., Fellow and late Tutor of New College, Oxford, and one of the Examiners for this Year at the Winchester College Election, having been appointed Head-Master of the Deanham Grammar School, takes PUPILS for the Winchester and Eton Election Examination.—For Terms, &c., apply to the Head-Master, at the School, Deanham.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, W. Head-Master—F. NASH, Esq., late Principal of Farington, Nellycherry Hill. Assisted by E. TAYLOR, Esq., M.A., Trin. Coll. Cambridge; Professor HOGGINS, F.R.G.S., King's College London; Mons. ALPHONSE, Professor Sciences, &c., Gassman, Esq., and others. Tuition Fee—Twelve, Nine, or Six Guineas per Annum. A few Vacancies for Boarders. Prospectuses on Application.

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